

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Things in General.

"PINCHES" in the stock market and the damage resulting remind us of one of the most interesting features of the commercial connection existing between the great Anglo-Saxon twins on this continent, viz: that both rich countries are now at their wits' end for ready money. No period of prosperity greater than the present can be remembered, yet the banks of the United States are moneyless, and it is said that there is no bank in Canada which has not exhausted its license in circulating money bearing its own particular name. The banks of Ontario and Quebec unitedly are permitted to issue some \$62,000,000 of circulation, but have little or none to circulate. If you ask a bank manager the reason, he is almost sure to tell you that all the available money of the banks is being used in "moving the crops." This may be quite true, for in all Canada there is less than \$70,000,000 of bank bills in circulation, and there is a much greater crop out put than that to be moved. Yet the fact remains that everybody is not carrying bank bills who raised wheat. In the majority of cases those who were paid for wheat or grain, deposited their money in some chartered bank, which would again, and has again, put it in circulation.

The real reason for the shortage in money can more readily be found by looking at the official bank statement for September—these statements are tardily issued—which shows that over \$46,000,000 in the two provinces named—out of \$62,000,000, the total circulating capacity—was out on "call loans"—loans made on stocks and bonds, more or less of a speculative transaction. Nor are the banks alone in their efforts to relieve the financial stringency by lending money on paper securities. It is said that the life insurance companies and the loan societies, organized presumably to lend on real estate only, have advanced much of their available funds on "call loans." This is a dangerous situation. Canadian money has not only been used in the United States to release the tightness of the market, but almost every dollar not in the possession of private citizens, but which is being administered by corporations, is said to be in the hands of those interested in preventing the financial string from breaking. Of course we must think what would happen if the financial string broke. The era of stock speculation is approaching its culmination. If anything breaks, financially we shall all have to suffer, for while we may not be personally concerned, all business is so sympathetic that one "crack" is sure to produce another. That we have articles of value undeposited of and that in ordinary times would be marketable or could be hypothecated, affords no security, for when the citizen is at the mercy of the moneyless banks and cannot realize, he is as helpless as if he had nothing to realize upon. The situation is one that deserves the attention of business men.

The Canadian banks in their struggle for business have, it is to be feared, overdone themselves. In the North-West, I am told that in a recent period covering not much more than twenty days, twenty-nine branch banks were established. This was done, evidently without consultation amongst the banks, for in one town in the North-West of not more than 250 inhabitants it is said three branch banks were established within three weeks, an effort to do business which resulted in one of the branches—that of a very strong bank—being withdrawn. The huge expense incurred by banks starting these branches on lonesome corners and in sequestered villages must be estimated as greater than the legitimate profit they can hope for. Why are they so eager to obtain money on deposit and to turn it loose again for circulation? Is it to "move the crops" or to "move stocks?"—another interesting proposition for conservative business men.

THE Cabinet changes at Ottawa made necessary by the retirement of Hon. Mr. Tarte, Minister of Public Works, have been interesting to onlookers, particularly in the provinces outside of Quebec—not because they have had strong personal preferences, but because the naming of the new Minister and the placing of him might afford a glimpse into the inner mind of our Administration. Had the Hon. Mr. Parent, Premier of Quebec and Mayor of the city of the same name, been added to the Cabinet, it would have satisfied those who were the first advocates of a Liberal Government composed of the Premiers of the various provinces. Hon. Mr. Parent is a strong and honest man, a Rouge of the old type, one who never makes speeches, a man of action, not words, beloved by the French-Canadian people next to Sir Wilfrid Laurier himself. His opposition in the Province of Quebec is so small as to be scarcely worth considering, and his translation to Ottawa was consequently a possibility, but he was passed over. Possibly the "passing" of Mr. Parent was not a slight to the Reuges, nor a slight to that gentleman himself, but it certainly must be considered as an indication that the Federal Government has ceased looking for the best man in each province—men with administrative experience—and has gone into the business of providing itself with an inferior type of politician, men with the glad hand and a tendency towards utilizing material not free from suspicion. Mr. Raymond Prefontaine, now Hon. Minister of Marine and Fisheries, unless my memory deceives me, was badly scorched by all the Liberal newspapers of Montreal, where he, on account of his great popularity, was Mayor or alderman for years. When Sir Wilfrid Laurier started in with Sir Henri Joly as his chief representative from Quebec everybody was delighted. Sir Henri's administration proved the wisdom of the choice, but it must be admitted that it is a far cry between Sir Henri and the ex-Mayor of Montreal. Mr. Bernier, who has for some years occupied the position of Minister of Inland Revenue, seems to have practically dropped, or for some reason overlooked, prosecutions against those infringing upon the inland revenue laws, or else there has been a sudden change of morals amongst the class of people who manufacture illicit whiskey or dispose of smuggled cigars, and he certainly does not fill Sir Henri Joly's shoes.

Hon. Mr. Prefontaine is known to be a swift man, but is said to be a somewhat tricky one. It cannot be doubted that Sir Wilfrid was wise in his choice if what he desired was a politician, not a statesman. It is difficult, however, to predict the future of any Cabinet made up simply of politicians with the ignoring of that higher class of administrative ability which the people desire to see at the head of affairs. The country may be very smartly run, the Ministers may be able to make clever apologies for what seems to the onlooker either crooked or clumsy performances. There may be a warmer clasp of the hand and more jollying of good fellows when they go to Ottawa, but the sick feeling at the heart of those who long for the best things possible cannot be removed by the jousyness of a Ministerial reception.

In the appointment of Hon. Mr. Sutherland to the great spending department of Public Works, Ontario has apparently obtained an advantage, but how can the laity, those who only see the surface of things, appreciate the details of a deal the elementary portion of which was the admission of the much suspected Mr. Prefontaine into the Cabinet? It is true the great spending department of Public Works has passed from French-Canadians, who mostly held it for

two generations, to an Ontario Minister—and we of Ontario must admit that we are not entirely without sectional preferences. The Department of Public Works, it is announced, is to lose the supervision of wharves and harbors, which is to be given to Mr. Prefontaine's department, and it is possible that the supervision of public works involving all connection with communicatory processes such as telegraphs and telephones will be transferred to the department of the Postmaster-General. I think it would be a wise movement to nationalize the telegraphs and telephones and put them under the same wise headship as our postal system. But I cannot believe wise any system which admits a much doubted man into its councils, no matter how advantageous the theory may be which it is intended to work out. The great spending department of Public Works will be safe in the hands of Mr. Sutherland. This is possibly the great change which should be solely discussed, and it is probably safest to leave it at this point, with nothing more interjected than the suggestion that such changes as have been decided upon will not in Ontario, no matter what advantage this province seems to have obtained, be considered good politics.

THE Ontario Government has temporarily at least been shorn of a part of its hypothetical majority by the unseating of Mr. A. G. MacKay, the Liberal member-elect for North Grey. It is odd that all the constituencies so far vacated, either by death or legal process, are in the same category as to geographical position. North Renfrew's member died a day or two after the election, and the curts, up to this writing, have unseated the members for North Perth, North Norfolk and North Grey. Protests in several other "North" ridings remain to be disposed of. Can it be that the people inhabiting the northern section of the average county are more susceptible to the arts of the political "clean-skater" than their neighbors to the

whole say as to when a corrupt campaign shall be probed to the bottom and when not, neither side will be influenced by the least fear of punishment, so long as the other side can be bluffed out with a threat of equally damaging exposures.

M R. C. C. ROBINSON is the latest aspirant for mayoralty honors and in an interview in the "Daily Star" on Wednesday stated that his friends were urging him to stand, and that he thought Mayor Howland should be satisfied with two terms. With the latter half of Mr. Robinson's statement a great many citizens will cordially agree, but it would be interesting to know who are the gentlemen whose friendship for Mr. Robinson, estimable gentleman though he be, is fervid to the point of imagining that he is entitled to be seriously considered by the ratepayers of the city of Toronto in connection with the mayoralty. In the same issue of the "Star" was an announcement by Ald. Urquhart, whose awful drubbing by "Tom" Crawford in West Toronto at the last Provincial elections does not seem to have deprived him of his aspirations for yet higher honors. Ald. Urquhart says that he will not enter into a single-handed contest with Mayor Howland, as he is aware that there are five thousand more Tory voters than Grits in Toronto, and a contest between a Conservative and a Liberal would be certain to degenerate into a political fight. If someone else enters the field against the present Mayor, however, Mr. Urquhart may "sit into the game." The trouble with most aspirants for office is that while they listen to the blandishments of friends, they do not hear the opinions of the majority, who are neither friends nor enemies. If Ald. Urquhart seeks to know the general opinion of those who stand in this neutral relation to him, he will not become a moth fitting round the mayoralty flame next January. He is too likely to get his wings scorched, whether there is but one other moth

rent to the innocent than death itself. I join with those who believe that capital punishment is one of the most effective and merciful methods of dealing with criminals who have become dangerous to the community by the taking of life. It is quite true that an innocent man who is dead cannot have his sentence commuted, but it is also a fact that an innocent man who spends his life or a large portion of it in a penitentiary is unspeakably worse off, whether innocent or guilty, than the one who has been hanged. It is impossible to right a man who has been wronged. We may make money reparation, but we can never remove the agony of shame or fear that he has suffered by a financial poultice or a long delayed pardon. When the fates decide that the time has arrived for a man to be hanged, it is probably best for him to take the hanging cheerfully, and that really seems to be pretty nearly "all there is to it" when delays are so exceedingly expensive, agonizing, and uncertain as to ultimate results.

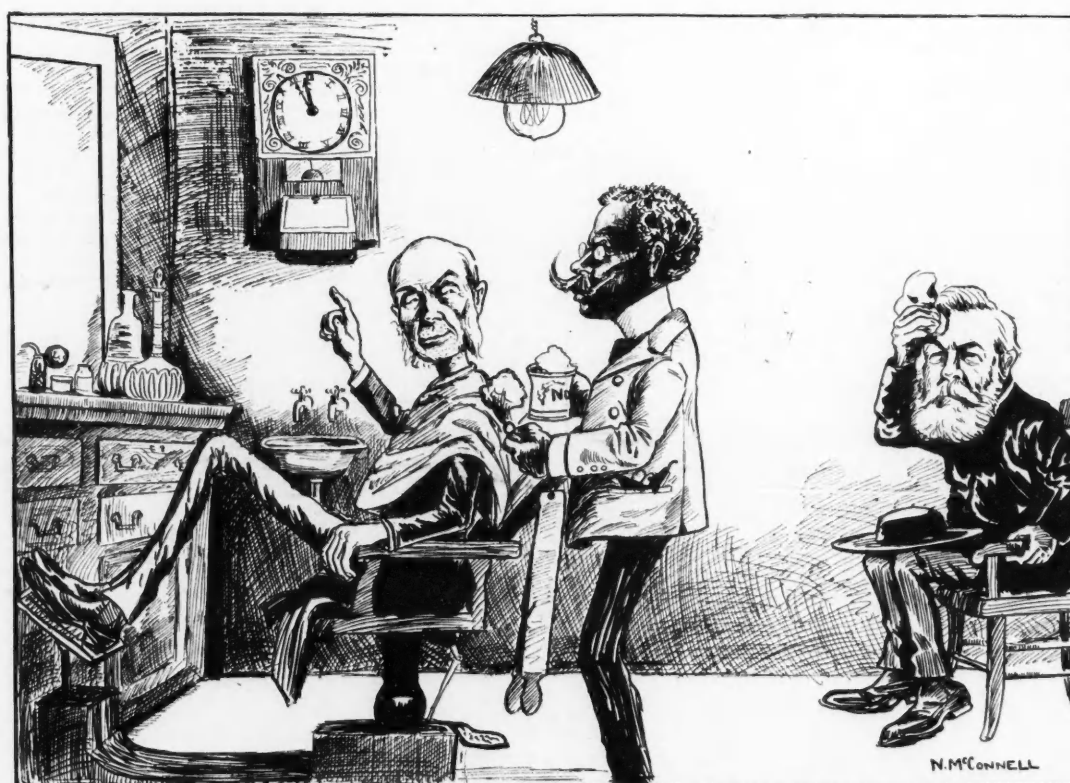
THE retirement of Dr. John Hoskin, K.C., from the position of Official Guardian, which he has occupied with such great credit to himself and benefit to those whose estates he has administered, will be recognized as a loss to the public generally. Those who by frugality and through a lifetime of painful saving that their heirs might not suffer from want, have been able to leave a competence, doubtless found in prospect comfort in the thought that this department of our Provincial Government was so honestly, ably and amiably attended to. It is outside the memory of the younger generation when the retiring official was practically given charge of this great public trust, and those who have profited by his careful and kindly administration will all join in wishing him continued life and happiness. Mr. F. W. Harcourt, who succeeds him, has had long experience, and is a brother of Hon. Richard Harcourt, Minister of Education.

NEWFOUNDLAND, it is announced in the reciprocity treaty just negotiated with the United States, has abandoned the privilege of giving a tariff preference to British goods. That a Crown colony of Great Britain which has been a diplomatic sore spot for so many years should do anything so unfriendly to the Mother Country and to its sister colonies, is certainly to be regretted. If the rumored stipulations are correct, in its trade and preferences Newfoundland will throw in its whole weight with the United States. But the rumors may be wrong, and no matter to what extent the Premier of Newfoundland has permitted his desire for a reciprocity treaty to carry him, it is by no means certain that the New England States, where the fishermen are strongly opposed to the entry free of duty of the Newfoundland catch, will not so strenuously resist the ratification of the treaty in the United States Senate as to cause its defeat.

THE investigation of the Tobacco Trust, part of which was of local hearing, has been making much more definite progress in the Province of Quebec than it did here. In Joliette, Que., it was shown that a factory had been bought out and closed, turning 150 workmen adrift and practically paralyzing the place. The American Trust apparently had given the owners of the factory the choice of selling out or being squeezed out, and they preferred the "selling" horn of the dilemma. The admissions, on examination, of officials of the Trust, and the general results of the enquiry, tend to justify the investigation having been made. It is idle for the Trust to contend that the agreement it practically forces tobacco dealers to sign is innocent in its wording. No one who knows the pressure that is put upon those who refuse, can doubt that even if it is innocent in appearance it is not in intention. In referring to this subject before I wrote of a cigarette firm that had been crowded out of business by the Trust, and it may have been inferred that it was a local institution. It was not, but as I was dealing with a topic of Dominion scope it was not material to the argument that the firm in question was not located here.

THE recent presence in the dock of aged men who have either sinned as employees of the Government or as the counterfeiters of Government bills, indicates that even after the blood ceases to "course madly through the veins," as it is said to do in youth, men either adopt or persist in courses which invariably lead to detection and disgrace. In bringing up a family it is very hard to tell which child will "throw a yellow streak," or when. I esteem it more or less a matter of heredity that the boy who cannot be controlled by his parents or reformed by the authorities throws the yellow streak early and declares by his conduct the impropriety of his impulses. Sometimes this sort of thing can be whipped or coaxed out of a boy; sometimes the youthful thief as an adult is an honorable and trusted man. One can never tell, and all that one can do is to supply the necessary surroundings to encourage virtue and discourage vice. With some old men who have had opportunities to be other than they have been discovered to be, it seems like a "throwing of the yellow streak" when life's impulses should all be in the direction of respectability and the winding up of a useful career. Stuart, the admitted counterfeiter, is over 70, fond of the violin, and apparently the possessor of gentle tastes. How can we account for his strange departure from the paths of rectitude and the involving in a common ruin many younger people whose careers were still capable of being made of advantage to the community? The doctrine of heredity seems to be the only explanation of such an abstruse problem, and this idea is borne out by the debonaire conduct of such aged offenders as the Canadian public have recently had an opportunity to observe. They seem to think that they have done the only thing that they could do. It would be a bad thing to preach fatalism, and yet there seems to be a terrible strain of this Oriental doctrine in the beliefs of people as exemplified by their actions. No matter what we may preach or how we may theorize, there is a great deal in breed, and it would seem as if time, fortunate surroundings, and those circumstances leading to respectability, do not always lead to the avoidance of crime.

SECRECY and corruption in the management of public business have such close connection that one is led to enquire whether it is necessary to conceal the actions and meaning of public servants. It is obvious that the executive of any municipality or province or nation must be close-mouthed when they are dealing with corporations. The training of all corporations tends towards a policy of concealment. The action of Government has the same trend. Where does the necessity of concealment come in? Certainly the public have a right to know how its business is being done. Too much publicity cannot be insisted upon when the transaction is with the public. Secrecy is only necessary when the executives of the public are dealing with private corporations which are looking for the best of it, and by underhand methods propose to acquire rights which should not be entrusted to those acting in a private capacity. The whole trouble, it seems to me, is the mixing of public and private affairs. A public affair



A RUSH ORDER.

(Ontario President of the Lord's Day Alliance in the chair; Dominion President of the Alliance impatiently waiting 'the call of "Next"')

Bro. Cayen—"In five meenits 'twill be Sawbath mornin'. I dinna ken whether ye can shave me an' gie Johnny Potts a trimmin' this side o' twelve o'clock, but ye maun go on wi' the shavin' as far as possible, an' mak' John wait till Monday."

south, east, or west? The north has generally been associated in popular fancy with everything that is bracing, breezy and pure. The north star is the symbol of constancy. The north wind has been called God's wind. But if the record established by the ridings above named may serve as a "tip," the north is pretty much to the bad and stands to have its reputation sadly impaired.

SPEAKING of the election trials, it is worthy of comment that the courts in three instances have been content to accept mere formal evidence of illegal practices, leaving the bulk of the charges, some of them of a very serious nature, uninvestigated. Of course it is common knowledge that a great many of the charges and counter-charges in the average contested election are trumped up for the purpose of bluffing the other side. But the public has a right to know what proportion of the "particulars" are of this character and what proportion are based on substantial evidence. In private litigation it is customary, and quite within the rights of the parties and the jurisdiction of the courts to allow a settlement before trial, if the litigants can be brought together. But an election trial is not a private process between the candidates or even between the two political parties, and where a large number of serious charges have been advanced, it does not tend to increase the general esteem for the cleanliness of public life or confidence in the administration of justice, to have these accusations smothered under a consent judgment and formal admissions of minor irregularities. Take the North Grey case, for example. Here charges of the most serious import were made in both the petition and the cross-petition. Intimidation, treating, and bribery, not only by agents but by the candidates, as well as ballot-switching at one polling subdivision, were some of the flagrant violations of the election law alleged in the bills of particulars. Yet none of these matters was investigated. The parties came together in private and agreed to save the "expense" of a trial. Was it the expense to their pocket-books or the expense in personal reputations which might have been damaged beyond repair that the party-manipulators and their associates were most afraid of incurring? The only evidence tendered when the court opened was as to the hiring of livery rigs and such technical offences, and with this evidence the court was satisfied, without going into the details of the graver charges, in which the public's chief concern lay. We are all familiar with the old-fashioned saw-off as between separate constituencies, but is not this arrangement between the opposing party organizations in the same constituency a new and yet more disreputable game? The public interest is not in having a number of new elections so much as in learning what tactics were practised in elections already held. If the machines are to be permitted

or several to jostle him against the candle. No Liberal at the present time is wise to flatter his ambition with dreams of sitting on the dais in the City Council chamber. The local Conservative party is thoroughly convinced that the mayoralty of Toronto is a pension that it has the right to award and the power to deliver. This being so, any Liberal who enters the field is certain to be made the victim of an eleventh hour deal if it appears he is dangerous to the success of the favorite Conservative candidate. The Tories might as well be left to fight it out amongst themselves, but it is an outrage that Toronto's affairs must be dealt with as a mere makeweight in adjusting the balances of a political game.

AFTER four years, during which every effort was made by the State of New York to convict a club-man named Molineux of poisoning, he has been discharged as innocent. The case is so old that no recapitulation of it is necessary, though the most interesting feature may be recalled as being that the prisoner was alleged to have used the mails to send poisoned candy to his victims. It is estimated that the first trial cost about \$250,000, much of which was expended for experts to prove or disprove the theory that the writing on the packages was that of Molineux; subsequent proceedings have probably cost another quarter of a million, and either half a million has been expended to clear a guilty man or it has taken that large amount to prove a prisoner to be innocent. One is almost led to doubt the justice of so many verdicts hastily arrived at, in view of the jury in this case, with only thirteen minutes' deliberation, reversing a previous verdict laboriously arrived at. The Sifton murder trial, in London, Ont., after years of disagreements and delays, ended in the release of the alleged murderer, and it is said that not only his own property, but that left to him in the accepted will of his father, has all been expended, and the one who began his term as a suspect, a rich man, as farmers count riches, ended it with his freedom but with financially nothing; probably deeply in debt.

Of course there are two theories which must be kept in view with regard to these prolonged trials and large expenditures. The first one, that if a man has money enough he can fight anything through, recognizes that rich men can obtain results even in criminal trials which the poor cannot hope for. The other theory, of course, is that a great many innocent men are hanged, and it is this belief which leads so many people to oppose capital punishment. The conclusion that hasty trials often result in the hanging of innocent men should not make capital punishment so obnoxious to the tender-hearted. The same hastiness of trial and the failure of prisoners to obtain money for an elaborate defence lead to interminable imprisonments much more abhor-

should be public throughout; a private matter, as far as newspapers are concerned, should be private throughout. When the executive of the public desires to do a certain act, those who are to complete the transaction should be in the public pay, not people looking after private gain. For instance, if a railway is to be built, there could be no transaction with a private corporation; the business should be open and above-board, and public money should only be expended under the scrutinizing eye of a public auditor. As matters are now managed, the public have to do with a large number of private concerns, all eager to share or possess the profit arising out of the transaction. It is a very easy matter to brush all this sort of thing aside by saying that a private association can do work cheaper and better than it can be done under public supervision. It becomes ridiculous, if one looks into the matter, to assert that public dealings must have private supervision. To admit this is to admit that the organized public is thoroughly ineffectual; that nothing can be undertaken and properly carried out unless the greed of some contractor is the basis of operations.

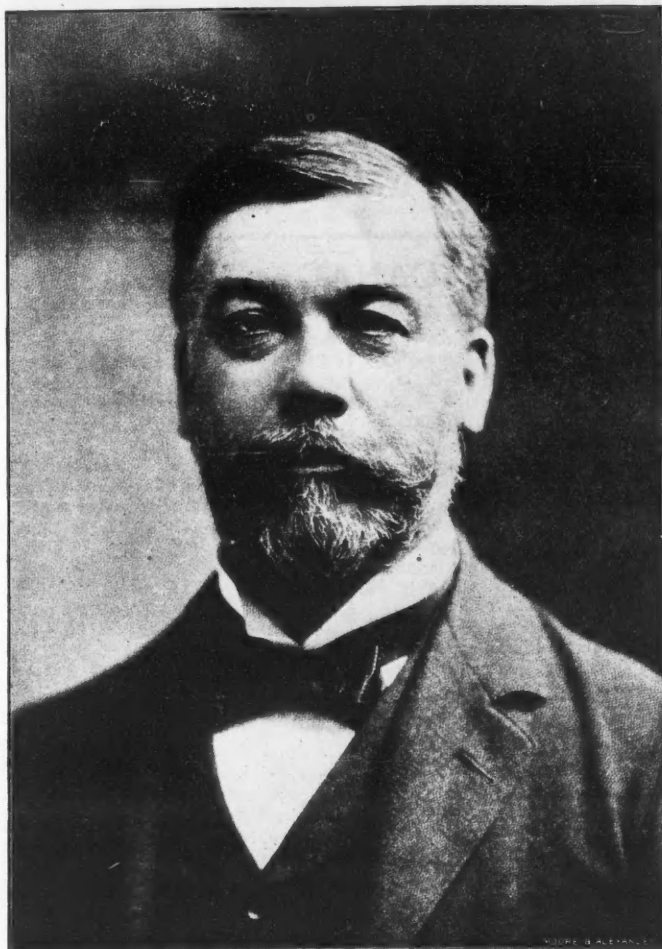
Having admitted that public works carried on by private contractors are necessarily so conditioned that the men employed and the money spent cannot be discussed until the bill is ripe and about to be paid, it follows that, as the evening follows the morn, it is a combination which cannot be worked without corruption—private greed on one hand and public policy on the other. It might at the beginning cost a little more money to do public business publicly, but it is an educational process which sooner or later will demand the attention of those who have these things in charge. To privately dispose of public funds, to make it necessary for public officials to be secret as if they were conspirators, is all wrong. For public men to necessarily act secretly, even up to the point made permissible by a complexity of public and private transactions, is to invite each public official to be crooked, to do that which he should not do, and by drawing the screen of official secrecy to protect himself from the scrutiny of his masters—the public. It is a mistake that should be rectified, and it appears to me that it can only be rectified by having every public transaction entirely public. The mixture of public and private business invites corruption by making secrecy necessary, and consequently must cause the detection of wrong-doing to be exceedingly difficult.

The doing of public business by private enterprise is archaic. The age when things had to be done thus is past. The public is quite well equipped to attend to its own business, and when its affairs are not mixed in with private enterprises everything is so distinct to the public eye that wrong-doing can be detected at once. The interminable lawsuits for extras and damages brought by contractors against the Government indicate the methods used by men who if they acted as public servants would be at once discharged for having pursued an unbusinesslike system of handling a contract. It is quite true that we have public scandals in regard to public servants; is it not much better to have these than to be involved in interminable and costly disputes with private concerns? If a Government has anything to do it employs a private corporation to do it. Private interests are at once mixed with public concerns. It pays the corporation to corrupt the Government, whether it be municipal, provincial, or federal, and it seems that the only way to change this condition, let me repeat, is to do public work publicly, and for the executive of the people to undertake the tasks themselves, administer them fairly, and to learn to do that for themselves which they have been accustomed to hire others to do whose only concern is to make money for themselves. The public as a whole can better afford to pay the losses incident upon bad administration than to pay the heavy tax imposed upon them by men who grow rich, corrupt the administrative element of government, and provide funds for elections. The administration of the people's business should be of the people, by the people and for the people, and the proof of this is to be found, not in the riches acquired by officials, but by the enormous wealth acquired by contractors.

SIGNOR MASCAGNI had had an astonishing run of hard luck in the United States, which came to a climax in Boston, where the musicians from Sunny Italy found themselves on the rocks and the composer himself was threatened with arrest. The United States, with all its boasted freedom and progress, does not appear at present to be a healthy locality for imported talent. Mascagni was hampered in every way imaginable from the moment he landed, by the musical unions which found in the Alien Labor Law a handy weapon with which to make things uncomfortable for the non-union players he brought with him. That a great artist should not be permitted to give an exposition of his art, simply on account of the foreign origin of himself and his assistants, was an absurd proposition. Art is international, and the freest intercourse as between nations should be permitted in all matters of aesthetic or scientific knowledge. The same attitude as that occupied by the union musicians towards Signor Mascagni and his company is revealed in the criticisms of some of the most representative papers of the United States on the importation of great paintings and sculptures from abroad by the moneyed classes. The position has been very strongly taken that the native artist is being discriminated against, but nothing ought to be more clear than that the art of the United States stands to gain by the bringing in of great works from other lands. However, this does not appear to be the popular view with the most thoroughly protectionist and in many respects the most narrowly selfish nation in the world to-day, if not in all history. The people of the United States are determined to live for and to themselves, just as far as that may be possible. But if this policy is extended from the industrial to the intellectual field, the result cannot fail to hurt the people who put such ideas into motion more than those against whom they are aimed. Coming back to Mascagni, it is gratifying to know that arrangements have been made for the completion of his tour, and it is to be hoped that his misfortunes are now at an end, and that the people of the great cities in which he is yet to play will give the distinguished foreigner such a welcome, in both enthusiasm and box-office receipts, as was accorded him in the much smaller but more hospitable city of Toronto.

THE detention and forcible entrapment at Minnedosa, Man., of the Doukhobor pilgrims will probably end this sensational episode amongst a colony of Russian fanatics. Force had to be used by the Mounted Police and the citizens to put the Doukhobors on the train by which they were shipped back to the station nearest to Yorkton, N.W.T., whence they had come on foot, presumably on a pious journey. While it is easy to philosophize with regard to this incident, it is hard to explain it. No one acquainted with peculiar peoples of foreign extraction or conversant with the strange forms which religious zeal may assume, can seriously blame the Dominion Government for bringing to this country what was supposed to be a body of industrious men and women intensely devoted to their own views as to war, the shedding of blood, the proper treatment of animals and the living of a peculiarly arranged religious life. Canada is eager for population, and in the strange workings out of Providence these people arrived amongst us and we have tried to provide them with suitable homes and naturalize them as Canadian citizens. The attempt so far does not appear to have been entirely a success, but its partial failure by no means demonstrates that we should not make other attempts on the same line. It is to be remembered that not all the Doukhobors, by any means, have been bitten by this madness. The Galicians, a much lower type of humanity, have developed wonderfully in our North-West, and it is probable that the Poles, the Welsh, and other prospective importations will be assimilated without any peculiarly acute attack of indigestion on the part of the country endeavoring to digest them.

It is to be hoped that the force used to return the Doukhobor fanatics to their homes and prevent them being frozen to death will not be considered a precedent for the use of



HON. JAMES SUTHERLAND.

The promotion of "Jim" Sutherland to the portfolio of Public Works, in many respects the most important post in the Cabinet next to that of Premier, is a proof that in politics an unselfish man sometimes comes into his own. For years Mr. Sutherland gave unstintingly of his time, energy and means to the Liberal party. No one could ever accuse him of self-seeking. He was always doing things for other people, and seldom had a thought for himself. He is, moreover, a man of proved ability. He possesses the confidence and friendship of every man who knows him.

force in constraining other citizens to do that which they do not want to do, or leave undone that which they want to accomplish, when the proposition is one not opposed to the peace or well-being of the general citizenship. If this incident has demonstrated that a majority has a right to compel a minority which is impelled largely if not entirely by religious fervor, it has been a very unfortunate occurrence. Comparing the enlightenment of the majority of Canadians, including the Government, with the ignorance of the Doukhobors and the obvious folly of their pilgrimage, it seems quite right that the wise should restrain the foolish. On the other hand, it is hard to decide, in religious matters particularly, who are the wise and who are the foolish. The Doukhobors were opposed to the use of animal food or the wearing of clothing taken from animals. There is a particularly prominent section of the community absolutely intolerant of the use of stimulants, whether in the shape of alcohol or tobacco. Early next month we are to have a referendum vote to decide whether these people who believe that stimulants are a bad thing are to be permitted to coerce what is at least half, if not more than half, of the community. The Doukhobors desired only to control their own actions in a matter prohibitory of animal products. The prohibitionists desire to control not only their own actions, but the actions of a section of the community probably as large as or larger than their own in a matter of drink. Both the vegetarians, who are thoroughly convinced that animal food is bad for the system and produces gout, rheumatism and all those troubles which have uric acid as their basis, and are also indicative of the desire for further stimulating materials, and those who believe that animal food is necessary to nourish the body and keep alert the mind, and quite as a proof of the idea that human beings were intended to be omnivorous, the existence of teeth certainly not intended for eating fruits or vegetables, can agree that mankind has no distinctive bones, organs or functions which falsify the theory that in fluids at least the human family can afford to a certain extent to be eclectic. That there are frequent and grave abuses in both eating and drinking must be admitted, and simply adds strength to the evolutionary theory that by these means the weaker are weeded out and the stronger survive. That any theory of this kind should be connected with religion, whether it be as a tenet of the Doukhobors or a moving principle of much more civilized organizations, is simply preposterous. That force should be used in propagating or preventing the propagation of these ideas is only admissible on the basis of humanitarianism and reason. That force should not be used at all until persuasion has failed must be recognized as a governing principle, and the intelligence of those who are to be persuaded or forced must be reckoned with as an important factor.

In prohibition those who are contending against it are intellectually, educationally, and perhaps every way—except religiously, perhaps—as well equipped to be the judges of their own conduct as those who are endeavoring to coerce them. Admitting, as always must be done, the possibility of the serious abuses of everything that nature has given to us, and the tending to the increase of these abuses amongst those who are over-indulgent in the things of which they should be careful, it still remains an incontrovertible fact that any peculiarity of religious belief should not enter into the discussion. That people believe a thing does not necessarily make it true, or fanaticism in every section of the world would have to be regarded as the basis of truth and a proper system of conduct. Fanaticism as I regard it is simply an over-development of some one-eyed vision of what is the proper thing to do, to believe, or to observe. It will be a sad day for this or any other free country when one man's stomach or conscience is made the law for another man's digestive system or mental attitude.

REVEREND DR. MILLIGAN, in Old St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church, is having his pews thronged with eager listeners during his Sunday evening sermons on "Higher Biblical Criticism." As a well-known Presbyterian writer said the other day, the Bible is and always will be the most interesting of books. With the greater development of the mental capacity of the masses has come a great disinclination to have this book, which we all recognize as containing a message from God, arbitrarily interpreted by the heads of any Church, who are not either spiritually, mentally or morally of sufficient distinctly high grade to entitle them to say what the laity should or should not believe. That the chief men of the Church at one time occupied such a high position cannot be denied. Since they have practically lost this lofty dominance, it must be expected that the masses, who in industrial matters, social affairs, politics, finance, etc., are doing their own thinking, should seek eagerly for some exponent of a system based on the ideas which would be evolved by the ordinary thinker untrammelled by dogmas or the restraints of crude theological discipline.

Rev. Dr. Milligan is approaching his subject with the caution to be expected of a man who feels that his standing as a Presbyterian and his position as a pastor are dependent upon him being able to put his ideas so discursively and in

such vague words as not to leave him open to a charge of heresy. It is doubtful, however, if a man so strong mentally should not take the chance of being haled before his theological superiors when he cannot disguise his intellectual departure from the old dogmas. His following as a preacher and his influence as a teacher would be vastly increased if his timidity as a theologian was not so obvious.

Already he has disagreed with the accepted theory of the Hexateuch, expressing the belief that the first books of the Bible were written at three separate periods, two of which were from 150 to 175 years before Christ, while the third document made its appearance much later. Internal evidence, the Reverend Doctor pointed out, shows distinctly that this was the case, and in concluding his second lecture he advised, according to newspaper reports, that in studying the Bible the student should be cautious, but not afraid of the facts. "A man who is afraid of truth is an infidel of the worst species, because truth can only do good," said he. "Kruger to-day says the world is flat. If you want to be a Krugerite, do so, and go by the letter and not by the spirit." It is encouraging to hear so eminent a preacher go so far, and after all it isn't so much what Rev. Dr. Milligan says as what he implies. I know that I have been severely criticized for saying things much less heterodox but probably equally true.

WITH the view that there is something valuable to be found in it, Professor Ciro Nispilandi has obtained leave from the Roman authorities to search Old Tiber's bed. It is scandalous to think of the lengths that these archaeologists are going. It may be possible that Old Tiber or his wife may be still abed when the search begins.

WHEN sectarians, either of a religious or geographical brand, begin to fear for the prosperity of their own little "ism" or locality, they are certain to do outrageous things. For instance, when the Province of Quebec was appealed to for united action with the other provinces in favor of the Roddick Bill to make medical education, degrees and licenses the same in all parts of the Dominion, the board of governors of the College of Physicians and Surgeons in the sister province promptly and strenuously opposed the bill. Complaint has always been made that the Canadian doctor was not promptly licensed and authorized to practice in any part of the British Empire. The ready answer to this was that no doctor authorized to practice in any Canadian province was necessarily a licentiate in any other Canadian province. The Roddick Bill was intended to remedy this, but Quebec protests. It is suggested, however, that if all the other provinces agree to such a bill Quebec will be forced to submit. I can easily see how this will work out. If Quebec refuses to become a part of the Dominion Association to overlook medical education, the other provinces can refuse to accept any degrees she grants, and freeze the graduates of Quebec colleges out of all opportunities to practice medicine except in that province. Boycotting, as a rule, is not a good thing, but in a particular instance such as the one suggested it is sometimes the only machine by which a fossilized association can be brought to its senses.

THE Sifton murder case, like the fortunes of "the Man in the Well," was commencing to get on the nerves of newspaper readers. For over two years it had dragged on until it seemed to become an interminable news feature, that, like Bancho's ghost, would not down. It was dish up and warmed over at court after court, until its hateful and distressing details became a stale and nauseating story. Now that the final trial of the charge has ended in a somewhat unexpected verdict of "not guilty," the public will be glad to forget it. Herbert, who pleaded guilty of the crime of which his alleged accomplice has now been acquitted, remains to be dealt with. His disposition must be a puzzle for all who have had to do with this extraordinary case. To punish a man who avers that he was a principal in a crime that a jury has declared never took place would be a comic opera distortion of justice. On the other hand, to set at liberty a self-confessed man-slayer will give all our preconceived ideas of punitive procedure a new sort of wrench, which they have not heretofore experienced. The feature of the case that is now most interesting, apart from Walter Herbert's fate, is the course of one of the provincial detectives in commenting freely on the verdict of the jury and virtually asserting that the prisoner was guilty, notwithstanding the finding of the court. This would appear to be a serious breach of the proprieties of the detective profession—if there are such proprieties—and apart from the merits of the case the detective's alleged interview cannot be passed by without censure. It is not a part of any police officer's duty to revise the findings of a jury in a criminal trial. If anyone believes there has been a miscarriage of justice he is entitled to the opinion so long as he keeps it to himself. It is bad enough to have detectives rushing into the newspaper columns with their theories before a trial, but after a case has been disposed of it is infinitely worse and cannot be tolerated.

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Large Jardinieres, Plaques, Tea-Trays, Vases, etc.
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Among the many special bargains we have been able to give our customers, none will be so much appreciated as this handsome skirt offering. To readers of SATURDAY NIGHT living out of town we send this \$6.00 Dress Skirt for \$5.00 prepaid to any Express Office in Canada. Description—The skirt is made of heavy Vicuna Cloth with fine hair stripe (very newest idea), unlined, with bound seams, seven rows of stitching at bottom, seven gore flare, perfect in cut and finish—Colors, black and navy, all sizes. Send measures hip, waist and length of front skirt. Perfect satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Don't miss this extra special offer.
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SOCIAL and PERSONAL

THE first social gathering of this week had special interests, principally because it was the occasion of the formal debut of a very popular girl, and further because the scene of her presentation was a newly decorated and improved homestead, where many intimates were delighted to see how well their new garb became the familiar rooms. Glenhurst, one of the big places in Rosedale, has its traditions of hospitality, and the pleasant coming-out of Miss Mollie Waldie is one of a number of events in the family record which have gathered friends under its generous roof-tree. Mrs. Waldie and her debutante (who wore a light, dainty, girlish blue point d'esprit gown with crisp frills, and carried a sheaf of Beauty roses), received in the drawing-room, and a succession of handsome apartments were soon crowded by fashionably-gowned women and girls, who continued to arrive until after six o'clock. The buffet was, as usual, the rallying point for the fair, although the spacious billiard-room tempted many good friends to a quiet gossip, and small feet were "frotted" appreciatively on its slippery bare floor. In the dining-room was an army of dainty waitresses, each looking after her duties most amiably. The tea-table was centered by a huge basket of white and yellow mums of extraordinary dimensions, and tied with bows of broad green satin ribbon. Another smaller table was set in the library, and done in pink. Flowers were arranged most artistically through the house, and the refreshments seemed to appeal to the guests with unusual success, for I heard several remarks as to their excellence. The waitresses included the Misses Waldie and Mrs. Charlie Temple (nee Waldie); Miss Gladys Nordheimer, who was immensely chic in a pretty pink frock; Miss Kemp of Castle Frank, who wore a smart and becoming grey voile gown; Miss Eva Miles, who was prettily gowned in white; Miss Winnie Darling of Rosemount, Miss Hagarty, Miss Blaikie, Miss Pearl Macdonald, and seldom have a more attractive party done the honors. A few of the guests were Mrs. Kemp, Miss Dollie Kemp, Mrs. Clinch, Miss Hughes, Mrs. Blaikie, Mrs. Edgar Jarvis, Miss Jarvis, Mrs. Herbert Jarvis, Mrs. Frederick Jarvis, Mrs. Lawrence Boyd, Miss Dallas, Mrs. Nordheimer of Gleneddyth, Miss Nordheimer, Miss Estelle Nordheimer, whose beauty is much remarked in her debutante season; Mrs. Buchanan, Miss Buchanan, Mrs. and Miss Athol Boulton, Mrs. and Miss Hedley, Mrs. A. D. and Miss Stewart, Mrs. Coulson, Mrs. Harry Wyatt, Mrs. George Harman, Mrs. C. C. Baines, Mrs. and Miss Wallbridge, the Misses Michie, Mrs. and Miss Crease, Mrs. H. C. McLeod, Miss Cattanaach, Mrs. George Evans, Mrs. Geary, Miss Fuller, Mrs. Harry Patterson, Mrs. Warren, Mrs. Harry Gamble, Mrs. E. Bickford, Miss Montizambert, Mrs. Alec Ireland, Mrs. Chadwick, Mrs. Grayson Smith, Mrs. J. M. Mackenzie, Mrs. Scott, Mrs. Mulock, Mrs. and Miss Mary Davidson, Mrs. A. Huyck Garratt, Miss Florence Kemp, the Misses Hagarty, Mrs. Allen Aylesworth, Mrs. Percy Beatty, Mrs. Allev, Mrs. Frank Macdonald, Mrs. and Miss Temple, Mrs. Matthews, Mrs. Nelles, Mrs. Ewart Osborne, Mrs. George Gooderham, jr., Mrs. Eddie Gooderham, Miss Gooderham of Maplecroft, Mrs. Willie Roaf, Miss Barker, Mrs. Ince, Mrs. Lash, Mrs. Duffield of Wingham, Mrs. Mortimer Bogert, the Misses McKellar, Mrs. Lorne Somerville.

Mrs. Duffield of Wingham, formerly Miss Emily Roe, is visiting Miss Gooderham of Maplecroft.

Mr. and Mrs. E. O. Bickford are at 262 College street for the winter, having taken apartments at Mrs. Johnstone's.

Mrs. Bruce's tea was postponed indefinitely from Wednesday, as her little daughter is ill. I believe the little invalid is doing nicely.

Mrs. Heaven of 46 Gerrard street east will receive on Wednesdays during the season as formerly. Mrs. Heaven's reception and dance is to take place in St. George's Hall on the evening of December 5th.

On Thursday evening a general meeting of the Imperial Order Daughters of the Empire, called by the president, Mrs. Nordheimer, took place in the mess-room at the Armories.

Mrs. J. C. MacDougall is spending a short time in town. I understand she is visiting her sister, Mrs. Theodore Brough.

Mrs. Robert Smith's tea, in honor of her guest and sister, Mrs. Bradney, of the Argentine Republic, was one of the jolliest reunions of the early season, as indeed, with a hostess so cordial, a guest so sweet and gracious, and an assistant hostess so capable and handsome as Miss Margaret Thomson, it could not fail to be. Mrs. Smith's generous welcome and kind solicitude that all should enjoy her pretty tea, met each one pleasantly. The guests found plentiful provision of dainty fare in the dining-room, a table centered with fine Beauty roses and lit with green shaded candles, and beyond the pretty little conservatory was the new billiard, or, rather, ping-pong, room, whose rich decoration was the delight of guests at Mrs. Smith's tea last season. Little Miss Ruthie, in white frock and pink ribbons, was a quiet, observant small daughter, whom all the ladies petted. Miss Bogart of Belleville, Miss Katie Cross and Miss Kingsmill assisted Miss Thomson in the tea-room. Many a glance of admiration was cast by the guests at a magnificent ostrich feather rug which covered the back of the piano, one of the beautiful things Mrs. Bradney brought from the Argentine as a gift to her hostess. Mrs. Bradney has made friends of everyone since her arrival here in September, and on the day of the tea looked quite a picture in a most stylish and ladylike gown of bisquit-tussore silk with dainty touches of emerald green velvet and a lovely chain of quirt and rare design. Among the many guests were Mrs. R. H. Temple, Miss Temple, Mrs. Coulson, Mrs. Herbert Mowat, Mrs. Hammond, Mrs. Bogert, Mrs. Mulock, Mrs. McDowall Thomson, Mrs. and Miss Lukes, Mrs. Slight, the Misses Wardrop, Mrs. Cross, Mrs. Francis, Mrs. Pepler, Mrs. Harry Wyatt, Mrs. Victor Cawthra, Mrs. Theodore Brough, Mrs. H. C. Osborne, Mrs. McWhinney, the Misses Milligan of Bromley House, Mrs. Mackenzie, Mrs. Lorne Campbell, Mrs. Goodwin Gibson, Mrs. Christie, Mrs. Harry Wright, Mrs. Capreol, Miss Kingsmill, Mrs. Drynan, and Miss Phemie Smith.

A very bright reception was given by Miss Mowat on Thursday of last week, at which quite a crowd of pleasant people were present. Miss Mowat received in a pretty white gown, Mrs. Fred Mowat assisting her, and the two nieces of the hostess, who have made their debut at Government House during the present regime, Miss Biggar and Miss Marjory Mowat, were busy at the tea-table, which was set in the ball-room. Captain Kay was on duty as A.D.C. in the absence of Captain Elmsley, and Commander Law, always so attentive and experienced a cavalier, was busy looking after the ladies. The guests found the drawing-

rooms a very bright and welcome rendezvous out of the early fall twilight, and the conservatory was very rich in bloom and fragrance. Old friends and new visitors in town, brides and debutantes, officers and staid men of affairs, with two or three nice young chaps just undergoing the first shyness of the "debuter," as one announced himself, made up the jolly party who lingered in the tea-room and clustered about the visitors' book to record their names, until the limit of time drew to a close.

Captain Bernier, who has been earnestly enthralling many of us with his plucky intentions regarding the North Pole, has been summoned to Montreal to meet His Excellency. Captain Bernier's best friends here seem to already feel the pride in his success which he himself so confidently looks forward to. Perhaps it may be that some prominent ladies will take an interest in helping to augment the rapidly growing fund to equip the doughty mariner's ship for the voyage to the Pole. It will be a feather in the toque of Lower Canada, in fact of all the Dominion, if Captain Bernier succeeds.

Miss Wallace of 71 Pembroke street is giving an exhibition at her home of burnt, painted and jeweled wood and leather on November 19th, 20th and 21st, from three to nine o'clock.

On Saturday afternoon Mrs. Elmsley of Barnstable gave a large reception in honor of Mrs. John Elmsley, who has been her guest for a short time, and who, I believe, left town this week. Mrs. Elmsley received in the drawing-room, with her guest at her side. I noticed a couple of fair-haired little girls cosily seated in a nook near by and enjoying the comings and goings. The guests were many, but Barnstable is a big house, with a wide hall and great drawing-rooms, and for a tea-room the fine "salle-a-manger," which latter was relieved by a second tea-table set in the west end of the drawing-room. Both were charmingly decorated with flowers and still more charmingly served by a party of pretty girls. The guests came early and stayed late, and some indeed came late also, huntsmen in "pink" after a glorious run through the "north country," and one sweet little huntress, Miss Long, who looked so natty and whose long day in the saddle had not apparently tired her out. Mr. Jack Elmsley, who is home on leave, and Mr. Hortzki, who is also visiting on leave, were prominent and busy in looking after the guests. The early host, as usual, was in the midst of the merry party. Plenty of men, taking half holiday, seemed to find it monstrous pleasant. Miss Mowat and Mrs. Mowat came from Government House with Captain Kay in attendance. The Stanley Barracks party was, as usual, "tres chic," and Mrs. Young of Wolseley Barracks, London, who had been spending some time in town, was one of the guests. Mr. Douglas Young, not yet quite better from his accident, was, however, an attentive cavalier to several fair ones. The guest included such a large number of prominent people that space fails to enumerate them. The guest of honor was hidden au revoir with hopes that it might be also "a bi-centennial."

Mrs. Nelles of Brantford has been for the last fortnight the guest of Mrs. Charles Fleming, who is now settled most comfortably in her new residence, 51 Bernard avenue. Friends of Mrs. Nelles have added to the pleasure of her visit by many delightful little affairs given quietly in her honor.

A number of the seniors of the R.M.C., Kingston, spent Sunday (King's Birthday) in town. The stalwart son of Dr. Tyrrell was a much welcomed visitor, and several others brightened up their home circles.

The Home for Incurable Children was the scene of a most encouraging annual meeting last week, and friends of the home were cheered by the statement of the treasurer, Miss Maria Buchan. That open-handed and warm-hearted woman, Mrs. George A. Cox, gave the home for the use of the children. There is a mortgage upon it which the ladies hope soon to wipe out. In the absence of Mrs. Walter S. Lee the little ones miss a rarely good friend, but a number of equally kind and earnest women are still interested in them. Mrs. Gzowski was elected president of the board.

Mrs. Alfred Hoskin gave a tea at Treherne, Deer Park, yesterday.

"Domestic Art: Its Aims and Possibilities," was the title of Miss Grace Roberts' lecture at the Conservatory Music Hall last evening at 8.30.

Mr. J. Tower Boyd, superintendent of the Confederation Life, was surprised at his home in Isabella street last Friday evening by a deputation of agents (accompanied by Mr. Charles E. B. Smithett, special agent), consisting of Messrs. W. P. McCartney of Hamilton, W. H. Fortier of St. Catharines, John Savage of Richmond Hill, and J. P. Ross of Chatham. Mr. Smithett made the presentation, a handsome diamond ring, and Mr. Boyd spoke in reply as follows: "Allow me to offer you my heartfelt thanks for the kindness which has prompted you and the other members of the staff, and to say that while I prize this ring for its value, I prize still more the feeling which prompted the presentation. It is worth a good deal to me to have practical demonstration and evidence of sympathy with me in my work."

Miss Maria A. Kynoch of Galt is spending a few weeks with her sister, Mrs. Neil H. Wilson, 283 Macpherson avenue.

Owing to a misleading announcement made some time ago that Dr. and Mrs. Fisher were occupying apartments in the "St. George," calling friends of Mrs. Fisher have been vainly endeavoring to locate her in that huge building. Dr. and Mrs. Fisher are at Mrs. Mead's, 266 Bloor street west, where Mrs. Fisher receives on Fridays, the first and third.

Mrs. Robert Watson and Miss Watson have sent out cards for an afternoon tea on next Thursday afternoon, November 20th, at 120 Shuter street.

Hasty Pudding For Lumbermen.

"ONE of the strangest things I have noticed about the lumbermen of the Canadian woods," said the man who spent last winter in the camps, "was their wondrous appetite for hasty pudding."

"Is it unnatural that they should have wondrous appetites, these strong men who work for hours in the bracing Canadian air?" asked the fluffy young creature to whom the man was devoted just then.

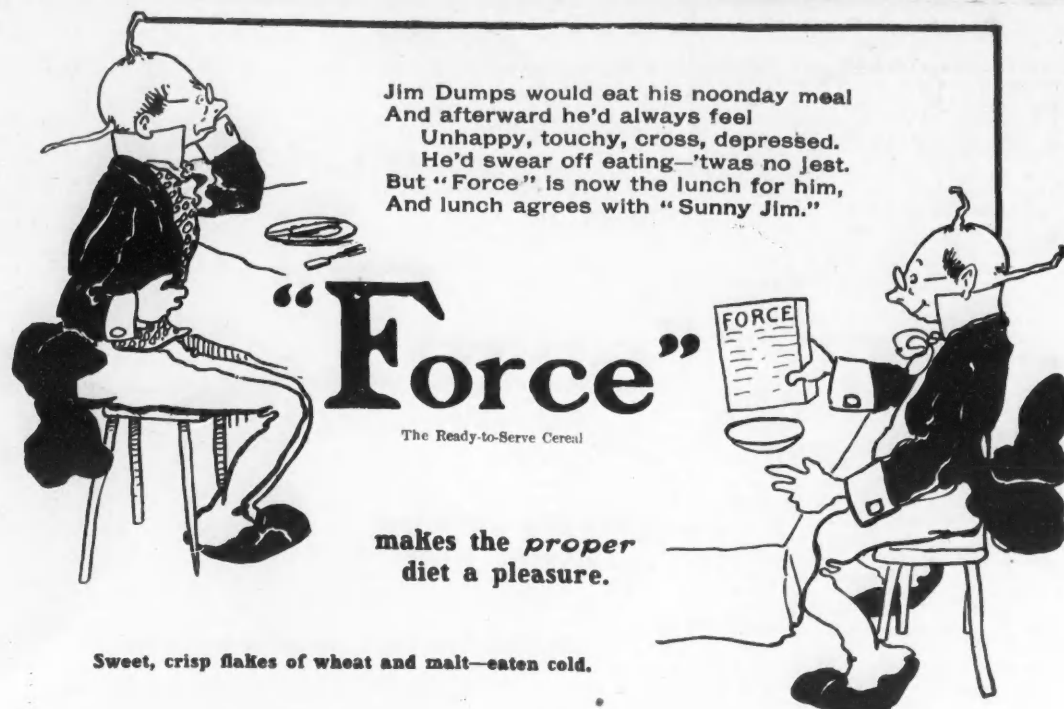
"But do you know of what hasty pudding is made?" asked the man.

She did not know exactly, but ventured to remark that it was probably something like "floating island."

"When they get back to camp from a night at the nearest saloon they wake up the cook and bribe him to make them a hasty pudding," explained the man. "He puts a pot of water on the stove, and when it comes to a boil he stirs in dry flour. Presently a thin paste is formed, which he serves to the waiting lumbermen while it is piping hot."

"And doesn't he flavor it with anything?" she asked.

"I asked one of the camp cooks how the men could eat the tasteless stuff. He answered, 'Their mouths are full of tobacco and their stomachs full of whiskey, so they couldn't taste anything but hot.'"



"Force"

The Ready-to-Serve Cereal

makes the proper diet a pleasure.

Sweet, crisp flakes of wheat and malt—eaten cold.

Fine for Mid-Day Lunch.

"I have been using 'Force' for some time and find it to be very beneficial in my case. I have dyspepsia and consequently poor digestion. I find it particularly good for a hasty mid-day lunch." (Name furnished on application.)

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TAYLOR'S Valley Violet PERFUME

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Corticelli SPOOL SILK For dressmaking and family sewing **Corticelli Silk** is the best silk made. For hand or machine use it has no equal. Corticelli Silk runs smoothly in the needle; it is always even in size and always full length and full strength. Ask your dealer for "Corticelli," and refuse all substitutes.

Corticelli Wash Silks.... are put up in patent holders, which prevents waste by tangles or soiling; keeps each shade separate, and automatically measures a correct needleful. Recommended as the only proper way to put up filo and floss silks, and used by art societies everywhere.

Corticelli SKIRT PROTECTOR is of firm and even texture. When soiled, a sponge or brush makes it clean again, and no damage done. It has peculiar wearing qualities and perfectly straight selvage. For sale everywhere.



"And you are going to spend another winter among those horrid men?" she exclaimed. "I was going back to the woods, but that was before—" And his eyes told her the rest of the story.

"O Rare Ben Jonson."

A SETTING of Ben Jonson's "Drink to Me Only With Thine Eyes" was published recently by the Wa-Wan Press at Newton Center, Mass. In a few weeks there came a letter from a woman who had been a singer in light opera, but who quit the stage because she could make a better living popularizing songs by singing them into the phonograph. She wrote from a small New York town, ad-

ressing the letter to Mr. Ben Jonson, Newton Center. It read:

"Dear Sir,—For five dollars I will include your song, 'Drink to Me Only With Thine Eyes' in my new catalogue of phonograph records, and will also send you a record of the same."

The letter was answered by Arthur Farwell, the composer, in this strain:

"Dear Madam,—As Jonson was a pal of 'Bill' Shakespeare's, he isn't with us at the present time. In any case he would not sanction this expenditure of a sum which might be so much more satisfactorily applied at the Mermaid Tavern. We feel that the last three centuries have sufficiently heralded his name abroad to make it unnecessary to resort to the phonograph in the present emergency."

Social and Personal.

Mrs. Norman McLeod (nee Campbell of Montreal) held her first reception at her new home, 66 Classic avenue, on Thursday, November 6, and was assisted by her mother, Mrs. Campbell, and her sister and bridesmaid, Miss Campbell, Miss Ethel Gooderham and Miss Ethel Evans, who presided at the tea-table. The bride also received on Friday, both afternoon and evening.

Rev. Septimus Jones and Mrs. Jones are living at 18 Prince Arthur avenue.

Mrs. D'Arcy Boulton has taken Professor Vandermissen's house in Surrey place.

St. Andrew's ball now being the next "big thing" in the way of dances, the usual practice of the Scotch dances is to be commenced this evening at the Armouries.

His Worship the Mayor of Toronto has taken Mr. William Goulding's house for a part of the winter, and expects Mrs. Keble Merritt and her niece, Miss Randolph, to spend some time with him. Needless to say that under Mrs. Merritt's supervision there will be a good many pleasant functions en train directly.

A double wedding will be quietly celebrated in Lloydtown Church on December 4, when Miss Grace Thomson and Mr. Herbert Murchison and Miss Adelaide Armstrong and Mr. Herbert Martin are to be married. Miss Thomson is the youngest daughter of the late Hugh C. Thomson, and Miss Adelaide Armstrong is the eldest daughter of Captain Arthur Armstrong of Gilnockie. By a second marriage Mrs. Hugh C. Thomson became Mrs. Armstrong of Gilnockie, and her daughter and stepdaughter are the young brides-elect. If tender care and affection are witnesses, it is hard to say which young bride will most regret parting from this wise and kind mother, who was in her girlhood days the only daughter at Dovercourt, the late Colonel R. L. Denison's homestead.

Mrs. M. D. Lyle and Miss Lyle of St. Louis are spending the winter in Toronto, and are at Mrs. Duckworth's, No. 50 St. George street.

Mrs. Macdonald of Winnipeg is the guest of Mrs. Calthrop Brown at the St. George.

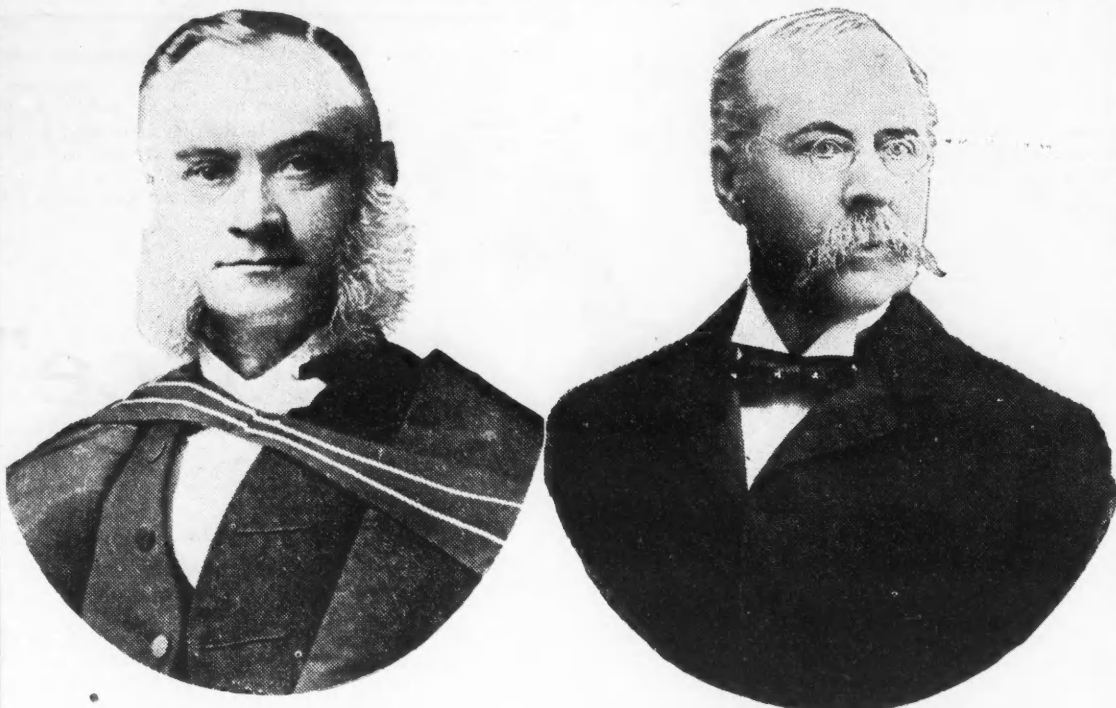
Mrs. John Elmsley sailed for England on Thursday. Captain Elmsley is remaining in Canada.

Colonel and Mrs. Skill of Cobourg are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. George Evans of 30 Rusholme road.

Miss Moseley, honorary secretary of the Imperial Order Daughters of the Empire, in the Bahamas, is the guest of Mrs. R. E. A. Land of 138 Bedford road, and received with her hostess on Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Byrne of 414 Huron street have returned from Balm Beach. Mrs. and Miss Byrne will not receive till January.

The Royal Grenadiers had their prize-giving, and Colonel Stimson and the officers their reception afterwards in first-class style, on Thursday of last week. The friends of the officers turned out in great numbers, many finding the gallery reserved so packed that they preferred chairs on the floor of the vast Armour



MR. JOHN HOSKIN, K.C., L.L.D. Who has this week retired from the post of Official Guardian of Infants in Ontario. MR. THOMAS B. FLINT. Mr. Flint has been appointed the successor of Sir John Bourinot as Clerk of the House of Commons. Mr. Flint has served as M.P. for Yarmouth, N.S., for many years.

ies. The refreshments were extra nice, served from a buffet glorious in red and gold, as are the Grenadiers themselves on gala nights. There were colonels "to the third generation"—Bruce and Mason, at least, looking on the new regime with hearty interest and encouragement. I do not remember to have ever seen a smarter turnout at an affair of the kind.

At the smart dance on Wednesday among the many delicious and beautifully served dainties at supper was one so cute that I must mention it. Sherbet ice was served in tiny coal-scuttles, and the suggestion was so funny that when it struck the young folks it was irresistible.

Among the coming debutantes is a very sweet and beautiful girl, Miss Estelle Nordheimer of Glenedyth, who will make her debut at her mother's dance shortly.

The announcement of the engagement of Dr. Walter Coulthard and Miss Robinson of Roseland is news to most of the gentlemen's Toronto friends, among whom he is very popular.

Mrs. Alan Sullivan left last week with her wee daughter for Camp Elizabeth, to join her husband. If the air of the mining country agrees as well with the little Kathleen as with her mother, a health resort will be in order for establishment up there.

On Wednesday evening, spite of fog and rain, there was a crowd at the Armouries to see the smart riflemen of the Q.O.R. go through all sorts of drill and receive their rifle-shooting prizes, with afterwards an adjournment to the mess-room for the reception and refreshments which always close these military reunions. Mrs. Jack Murray, wife of Major Murray, received in place of Mrs. Pellatt, who is in mourning for her step-brother. Colonel Pellatt was a genial host, and was by the seclusion of Mrs. Pellatt in no better position as host than his bachelor brother-in-arms, Colonel Stimson, of last week's function. Mrs. Murray received with much grace and cordiality. The table was crowned with a perfect wealth of huge golden-hued mums, and everything was merry, in spite of muggy weather.

Mrs. Henry O'Hara gave a very bright and pretty tea at her home in Bernard avenue on Wednesday. The hostess, in pale blue, veiled in black sequined lace, presented her handsome guest, Miss Sydney Austin of Montreal, who wore a simple white gown touched with black velvet. A very large number of ladies attended this tea and enjoyed it all the more because of the wretched climatic conditions which ruled without. Every room was beautiful with flowers, mainly perfect white mums, while a warm touch of color was obtained by a forest of the most lovely American Beauties on the tea-table, set in the charming tapestried dining-room, and attended by Mrs. W. and Miss O'Hara, Miss Sylvester, Miss Claire Eby and Miss Jessie Perry. Mrs. Land assisted in both tea-room and drawing-room in looking after the ladies. D'Alessandro's orchestra played on the landing during the tea. Mrs. O'Hara set a good example to other hostesses by presenting her fair assistants with pretty souvenir spoons in acknowledgment of their kind help.

Mrs. McKinnon of 48 Admiral road held her first reception on Wednesday afternoon. Seldom has a more beautiful young matron welcomed her guests to a pretty new home. Mrs. McKinnon was assisted by Mrs. S. F. McKinnon, and both ladies were perfectly gowned, the bride wearing her dainty wedding gown and Mrs. McKinnon a rich light silk. In the tea-room Mrs. Turnbull, herself a very young matron, in pale gray crepe, with a huge posy of lily of the valley, and Miss Sintzel, sister of the hostess, with Miss Ella Taylor, one of the Victoria Club ball debutantes, waited on the table. Miss Taylor wore a charming little gown of pink. Miss Sintzel was very pretty in white. The table was done in white and green, great snowball mums, delicate ferns and green-shaded candles.

Mrs. MacMahon has enjoyed a delightful visit in Montreal, where I hear she has been feted and made much of by all her friends, who will, however, kindly let her return to Toronto, where she is so much missed.

A very pretty wedding was celebrated at Albany, N.Y., on Wednesday, November 5, when Miss Nellie Cales and Mr. W. J. Daniel, both of Toronto, were married. The bride was attended by her sister, Miss Ethel, and the groomsmen was Mr. J. J. Hoyt of Boston. The bride, who was attired in blue broad-cloth, with white strappings, and had to match, looked truly charming. The groom's gift to the bride was a handsome pearl necklace, and to the bridesmaid a beautiful pearl necklace. After

the ceremony Mr. and Mrs. Daniel left for Boston, where they will reside.

Mrs. William Davidson of 146 St. George street has sent out cards for an afternoon reception at half-past four next Thursday, November 20, to introduce a fair young daughter.

Mrs. Gordon Mackenzie asked a few friends to tea on Saturday afternoon to meet Mrs. Hanbury Budden, who is paying a visit to her mother, Mrs. Small.

Mr. and Mrs. Cawthra of Yeadon Hall and Miss Cawthra have returned from England. They spent this week in New York.

Friends are glad to see Mr. Lissant Beardmore able to drive out, though he is not yet able to walk abroad after his illness, an attack of typhoid fever.

The marriage of Miss Maud Masson, so well known in Toronto, and Mr. Sydney Lanier (son of the sweet singer of the Southern States, whose poems we heard so much of last year) took place in Greenwich, Conn., on Monday. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Lanier gave the wedding at their residence in Greenwich.

Mrs. Augustus Burritt will receive next Monday.

Mrs. Seane of Chatham is visiting Mrs. Sutherland of Cowan avenue.

The engagement of Miss May Tindal of Hamilton and Rev. C. J. James of the Church of the Redeemer, Bloor street west, is announced.

Still another engagement has been quietly whispered. The parties most interested will not allow me to tell on them just yet.

Miss Helen Keddie of Quincy, Cal., is the guest of her uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. James Barnes of 61 Maitland street.

This evening the private view of a beautiful exhibition of Dutch and Scotch pictures is to be enjoyed by friends of the women artists of the Art League. I don't know just why I put the Dutch before the Scotch artists, except that the president of the League, Mrs. Dignam, whose taste and energy have so well directed this exposition and its predecessors, has strong Hollandish leanings, and her personality dominated my pen. The exhibition will continue for some time, and I am told is to be of rare merit.

Mrs. John Foy's tea this afternoon at McConkey's will be the more interesting as it is to mark the debut of Miss Foy in the social world.

This is eminently the time of year sacred to the young creatures making their entree into the gay whirl. Their hopes, aims and ambitions, their doubts and fears, are filling the air with a curious current of vital interest. Good luck and good times to each and all of them, in the brief hour of their first experiences!

Miss Margaret Barnes of 61 Maitland street has returned home, after a year's visit with relatives in California.

On Tuesday Mr. Bowen, one of the jolly young attached officers at Stanley Barracks, had a very pleasant luncheon party in Barracks.

On Thursday evening Miss Beatrice Sullivan had a very smart theater party, and the coterie supped with their hostess afterwards at her home in St. Vincent street.

Professor Baker gave a most interesting lecture on astrology to the young ladies of St. Monica's and invited friends last evening. Miss Phillippot's kindness in sharing the pleasure and instruction of the evening with friends of St. Monica's was much appreciated.

An illustrated lecture on "Rome, Ancient, Medieval and Modern," is to be given by Rev. Carey Ward on next Thursday evening in Conservatory Music Hall, under the auspices of the Daughters of the Empire. The proceeds are to be used to complete the Alexandra gates leading into the north part of Queen's Park. Rev. Carey Ward is a most cultured and popular speaker, and his lecture a real treat. Tickets may be had at Tyrrell's for the lecture.

How Salt Cools Coffee.

Between bites of the simple breakfast he had ordered, the young clerk gazed nervously at the restaurant clock. It was plain he had overslept himself and was paying the way to future indigestion by bolting his food. The coffee was the stumbling block. It was hot—very hot—but the clerk needed it badly, and

he sipped it carefully, having due regard for his mouth and tongue.

But time pressed, and, with a parting glance at the clock, he reached for his glass of ice water and prepared to pour some of the "rigid fluid" into his cup.

"Don't spoil your coffee, young man," said an elderly gentleman who was eating his breakfast on the other side of the table. "You take all the good out of it by putting ice or ice water in it."

The clerk was at first inclined to resent the interference, but the patriarchal appearance of the other man tempered his resentment.

"What am I to do?" he asked. "I am late for the office, and I want this coffee badly."

"Let me show you a little scheme," said the elderly man. Taking the cylindrical saltcellar from the table, he wiped it carefully with a napkin, then, reaching over, deposited the glass vessel in the cup of coffee.

"Salt, you know, has peculiar cooling properties," he said, meanwhile holding the receptacle firmly in position. "They put it with ice to intensify the cold when making ice cream. It is used extensively in cold-storage warehouses for cooling purposes, and being incased in glass does not affect its power to any great extent."

As he spoke he withdrew the saltcellar from the coffee and motioned to the younger man to drink. He raised the cup to his lips, and, to his surprise, found the liquid cooled to such an extent that he could drink it without inconvenience.

"The uses of salt are manifold," said the elderly man, with the air of one beginning a lecture. "I remember once when I was in Mexico—"

But the clerk, with another glance at the clock, thanked him profusely and dashed out of the restaurant.

"Rather absent-minded, isn't he?" "Extremely so. Why, the other night when he got home he knew there was something he wanted to do, but he couldn't remember what it was until he had sat up over an hour trying to think." "And did he finally remember it?" "Yes, he discovered that he had wanted to go to bed early."—Philadelphia "Press."

The other day the humorist, Oliver Herford, asked a friend: "What is the matter with your hair? It seems to be leaving you." "I'd give anything I own to get it back," said the perplexed friend. "I've always noticed," returned Herford, "that a hair in the head is worth two in the brush."

Great Sale of Thoroughbreds.

The annual auction sale of thoroughbreds, the property of Mr. Joseph E. Seagram, M.P., and Mr. William Hendrie, will be sold at "Grand's" on Wednesday, November 19, at 10.30 a.m. The catalogues are now ready, and may be had at the office of the new Repository, corner Simcoe and Nelson streets.

Twentieth Century Religion.

Rev. J. T. Sunderland, M.A., whose discourses on "Religion and Evolution" attracted considerable attention in Toronto last winter, announces another course of equal interest, on "Religious Thought in the Light of the Twentieth Century," in the Unitarian Church, Jarvis street. The introductory discourse, entitled "The New Thought of Religion," will be given next Sunday evening. All who are interested in the great revolution in religious thinking brought about by science and by biblical and historical criticism should attend these services, as Mr. Sunderland is well able to deal with the questions raised by modern scholarship. The full course is announced in another column.

Attention is called to the advertisement in this issue of the Common Sense Method for beginners in music. Miss Macmillan is well known as a successful piano teacher, many of her pupils occupying positions of importance, and their success is due to the superior training they received, both technically and from a musical standpoint. The many advantages to be derived from a course of study with a teacher of such experience are evident, and the fact that the musical block games may be purchased by any teacher will appeal to many who have expressed a desire for something of the kind. Miss Macmillan is now training a class of teachers in the method which promises to become very popular.

Spend Thanksgiving Day in New England. Ten dollar excursion via New York Central to Boston, Worcester, Palmer, Springfield or South Framingham, Tuesday, November 25. Tickets good ten days. See New York Central ticket agents for full particulars.

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Social and Personal.

INVITATIONS have been received by Toronto friends of Miss Mary Pope of Cambridge, Mass., to her marriage. Mr. and Mrs. Eugene A. Pope invite their friends to be present at the marriage of their daughter, Mary Emma, to Mr. Cecil John Somerset Wrenford Padden on Wednesday, December 3, at three o'clock, in St. John's Memorial Chapel, Cambridge, Mass. It will be remembered that Miss Pope, while making a visit to Mrs. Alan Sullivan at Camp Elizabeth, met Mr. Padden, whose father is one of the English directors of mines in that locality. Their mutual attraction was instantaneous—in fact, I have heard that within a few hours Mr. Padden proposed to the fascinating girl. But be that as it may, they have been devoted, and the best wish of their friends is that they may follow the happy example of their hostess, Mrs. Sullivan, and her husband, who have made an ideal marriage.

The annual meeting of the Board of the Infants' Home was held yesterday afternoon, November 14, at four o'clock.

A very interesting and delightful little concert was that given by the "Adamson" quartette, with Mrs. and Miss Adamson, Miss Hayes and Mr. Saunders as performers. Mr. Napper Durand did himself and the beautifully toned piano, and Mr. Saunders, the other instrumental soloist, played most excellently some short cello selections. Mr. Knowles sang in a fine, fresh voice several songs. Quite a smart lot of people listened to this charming concert, among whom I noticed Professor and Mrs. Ramsay Wright, Dr. and Mrs. Fisher, Miss Denzil, Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Reid and Mr. B. E. Mrs. and Miss Walker.

A quiet but pretty wedding took place in Thorold on November 5, at the home of Mr. John Fisher, when his only daughter, Miss Jenny Fisher, and Dr. R. Walker, Leader of Rosemont, Ont., were married. The bride, who was given away by her father, wore a dainty gown of white organdie and carried white roses. Miss Blanche Parke of Simcoe was bridesmaid, and looked pretty in a gown of pink organdie and carried pink roses. The groomsmen were Mr. Albert Fisher, brother of the bride, Dr. and Mrs. Leader left on the 8 p.m. train for their home in Rosemont.

Miss J. W. Payson, Miss A. M. Washburn of Portland, Me., Mrs. James Doran, Miss Annie H. Elzas, Mr. C. H. Greene, Mrs. George Broughall of Toronto, Mrs. McGivern of Hamilton, Mrs. A. R. Clarke, Mrs. Alf. Jephcott, Miss M. E. Stapleton of Toronto, Mrs. A. C. Warner, Mr. and Mrs. F. L. A. Cady of Buffalo, Mrs. Rathbun, Master Bryant Rathbun of Toronto, Mr. and Mrs. P. Cusack of Buffalo, Mr. Oscar Pirie of London, Mr. and Mrs. A. Hertzberg, Mr. Edmund Burke of Toronto, Mr. F. H. Wicker of New Orleans, the Misses Carly of Toronto, are registered at the Welland Hotel, St. Catharines, this week.

Mrs. Stanley T. Floyd (nee Storey) will receive for the first time since her marriage at her home, 683 Ontario street, on Friday, November 21, from 2 to 6 p.m., and afterwards on the second and third Wednesdays of the month.

Miss Veals, "Glen Mawr," will not receive on Friday, but will in future receive on the first and second Tuesdays of the month.

A pretty house wedding took place at "Ballymoor," the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Campbell Moore, East Toronto, on Wednesday, November 5, at 2:30 p.m., when Miss Annetta R., eldest daughter of the late James Aylward of Toronto, was married to Mr. J. Alfred Stephenson of Arthur. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. J. E. Wilson of Hope Methodist Church. The bride was escorted by her brother, Mr. Herbert T. Aylward, who gave her away. She was tastefully trimmed with Dresden applique and Persian trimming, and a bouquet of bridal roses was carried, a pearl star in her hair being the only ornament worn. The bride was attended by her sister, Miss Lazell, beautifully frocked in blue crepe de chine and carrying pink roses. The groomsmen were Mr. O. K. Stephenson of Toronto, cousin of the groom, Mr. Frederick Aylward of St. John, New Brunswick, brother of the bride, was the only out-of-town guest. The house decorations were palms, ferns, chrysanthemums, and the table was beautiful with pink satin ribbon, smilax and pink roses. The bride wore on leaving a handsome tailored costume of navy blue broadcloth over a white silk bodice, white beaver hat with navy plumes, and departed with her husband amid showers of rose leaves and good wishes for their future home, "Rosa Alba," Arthur, Ont.

On Wednesday week Mrs. A. G. H. Luxton of the Bank of Hamilton, Milton, gave a very pretty afternoon tea, at which she was assisted by Mrs. Charles B. McCullough of Hamilton and Mrs. R. D. Coutts of Georgetown. Yellow was the prevailing tint in the decoration of the tea-room. Mrs. Murray Campbell and Mrs. D. F. Robertson presided at the tea-table, and were assisted by Misses Una Leighton and McCready of Harriston and Misses Watson and Pantou of Milton. Among the guests present were Messdames Watson, Boyd, Gorham, sr., Gorham, jr., J. M. Campbell, Pantou, Fraser, (Dr.) Swart, (Dr.) Anderson, Sprout, Bowes, Belt, McEl, Smith, (Dr.) McColl, D. W. Campbell, Martin, William Elliott, Dewar, (Dr.) Robertson, Higginbotham, McCannell, D. M. Robertson, Elliott, Bradford, Clements, Hunter, Dice, Matheson, Lawrence, Deacon, Dalton, Scott, Bastedo, Osborne, Gollop, Cooley, W. J. Dewar, Horning, Dunbar, Cunliff, Bews, J. Bews, (Dr.) Wickson, Inman, William Bews, Douglas, Harper, Stewart, Wilson, Hume, H. Campbell, Lindsay, Harrison, Misses Watson, Caldwell, Pantou, Bowes, McKindsey, Elliott, Dewar, Robertson, Hunter, Dice, MatLesse, Lawrence, Hollinrake, M. L. Hollinrake, Deacon, Dalton, Harrison, Bews, Wilson, Campbell.

A correspondent writes: "Mrs. George Ridout was the hostess recently of a charming tea given for her daughter, Miss Evelyn Ridout. Mrs. Ridout was gowned in black broadcloth silk, with touches of green velvet. Miss Ridout wore a pretty frock of white silk, and carried a bouquet of pink roses. Among the guests present were the Misses Clarkson Jones,

Miss Theodora Kirkpatrick, Miss Marjorie Mowat, Miss Mary Miles, Miss Annie Crozier, Miss Marjorie Cochrane, the Misses Arnold, Miss Ethel Perry, the Misses Falconbridge, Miss Aimee Buckner, Miss Gwen Francis, Miss Eva Miles, Miss Isolen Ogden, the Misses Larratt-Smith, Mr. Darrell Warren, Mr. Selby Martin, Mr. Gordon MacKenzie, Mr. Gerald Strathy, Mr. Guy Ireland, Lieutenant Sham of Stanley Barracks, Mr. William Wadsworth, Dr. Baldwin, Mr. Jack Rolph and Mr. Harry Strathy."

Mrs. Garrow will receive on both the first and second Tuesdays in December.

The formal opening of the Ross Memorial Hospital at Lindsay will take place next Thursday, November 20, at half-past one o'clock. An address will be presented to Mr. James Ross from the County of Victoria. Beautiful little cards of invitation have been sent out for this interesting function.

Mrs. G. W. Watts, 1 Beaumont road, will receive on the first and third Mondays of each month.

Mr. and Mrs. G. E. Broadfield of the Queen's sailed last Wednesday by the steamship "Teutonic" for Europe.

A very pretty informal tea was arranged by Mrs. Mackenzie Alexander on last Friday afternoon, to which her guests were asked (principally by phone) to meet Mrs. Allie Warden (nee Lyle of Hamilton). The bride was sweetly gowned in white and green, with a smart white hat bordered with sable. During her girlhood days the bride was always a popular visitor in Toronto, and is much welcomed as a permanent hostess. The guests at the tea included Mrs. Armstrong Black, Mrs. and Miss Melvin-Jones of Llawhaden, Mrs. Herbert Mowat, Mrs. Wyld, Mrs. Coulson, Mrs. Harry Wyatt, Mrs. and Miss Cox, Mrs. and Miss Madge Davidson, Miss Helen Kirkpatrick, Mrs. Eddie and Miss Cochrane, Mrs. W. R. Riddell, Mrs. J. E. and Miss Davidson, Mrs. Guthrie of Guelph, who is visiting at Llawhaden, Mrs. Warden, Miss Gooderham of Maplecroft, Mrs. McKinnon, and the lovely bride, Mrs. J. S. McKinnon, Mrs. Alec Robertson, Mrs. Cowan, Mrs. and the Misses Rolland Hills, Mrs. J. G. Macdonald, Mrs. Brouse, Mrs. Macdonald, and a very bright coterie of girls, including the Misses Essy Case, Irene Somerville, Maude Dwight, Helen McMurich, Cowan, and others. The drawing-room was never overcrowded, owing to its admirable proportions, and a very attractive little tea-table, decorated in white and golden tulle, was set with many dainty things. Mrs. Alexander was the most gracious of hostesses, and her young daughter, Miss Jean, assisted by Miss Jean Davidson, was very graceful and attentive at the tea-table. It was a most pleasant tea, and so everybody said.

Mrs. Chester Glass of Spokane is visiting Mrs. Fred Plumb.

Mrs. Frank Anglin is home from Rossland, where she has been visiting her mother.

Dr. James McLeod returned home on Tuesday, after three years spent in England, and is with his people in Crescent road.

Mrs. Ewart Osborne will hold her post-nuptial receptions on the 25th and 26th of this month.

The Toronto Canoe Club had a big theater party at Shea's on Thursday and took supper at Webb's afterwards.

At a recent tea three guests arrived, were welcomed by a most bewildered hostess, took refreshments, and then made their escape, leaving the lady whose hospitality they had enjoyed uncertain whether they had quite mistaken the house or had simply played a trick for which they richly deserve to be mentioned as decidedly impertinent.

Mrs. and Miss Warwick of Sunnyside have returned from Hamilton, where they went to welcome a little son and heir at the Rogers home. Mrs. Alfred Rogers and her small son are doing excellently, and Mrs. Warwick is delighted to be called grandmamma.

Miss Ruby Ramsay of Montreal is visiting Miss Essy Case. Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Osler have returned from the South.

Mr. and Mrs. L. Hamilton, who have been making a tour of Egypt and the Orient, returned to town last week and have taken the late Mrs. Scadding's residence in Spadina avenue.

An At Home is to be given on Friday evening, November 28, in St. George's Hall by the sergeants of the Q.O.R.

Miss Queenie Hoskin is spending her vacation with her people in Deer Park, and was much welcomed yesterday at her mother's reception.

Mrs. Carveth will not receive until the New Year, nor will Mrs. T. J. Clark of 121 Bedford road.

Mrs. James J. Foy gave a huge tea on Friday last, at which she introduced her daughter, Miss Florence Foy, and was assisted by the bride, Mrs. J. C. Foy (nee Croil), who, I understand, is with her husband to spend the winter with Mr. Foy's parents. Mrs. Foy, always the picture of a handsome, cordial hostess, wore a luscious gown over tulle, with lace applications. The slim, young debutante was in white, with a sheaf of Beauty roses. Mrs. J. C. Foy was lovely in a white satin gown, covered with embroidered mousseline de soie, and had white roses in her hair and bouquet. Miss Foy, Miss Amy Rutherford, the Misses Pauline and Gertrude, sister and cousin of the debutante, the Misses Evelyn and Adele Falconbridge, Miss Miller, Miss Lamport, Miss Ethel Suckling and Miss Kate Murphy were the assistants in the tea-room, where groves of glorious white 'mums decorated the table, with fine silver, and ribbons white and green. Some of the guests were Lady Meredith, Lady Thompson, Lady Howland, Lady Taylor, Mrs. John Foy, Mrs. Moss, Mrs. Falconbridge, Mrs. Anglin, Miss Fraser, Miss Kirkpatrick, Mrs. Herbert Mowat, Mrs. and Miss Melvin-Jones and Mrs. Guthrie, Mrs. Cawthra, Mrs. Greene, Mrs. Cattanaach, Mrs. Kirkland, Mrs. Grace, Mrs. Arnoldi, Mrs. Aylesworth, Mrs. Percy Beatty, Mrs. E. F. B. Johnston, Mrs. and Miss

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Cox, Mrs. and Miss Myles, Mrs. H. C. Osborne, Mrs. A. S. Irving and her sister, Mrs. G. Gooderham, jr., Mrs. Cross, Mrs. McDonnell, Mrs. Duggan, and the Misses Essy Case, Phemie Smith, Marion Barker, Enid Wornum, Lowndes, Florence Spragge, Cameron and Somerville.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Mowat, who have been at their country place all summer, have taken a house at 43 Albany avenue.

Mrs. Massey and her daughter, Mrs. Will Rose, of 3 Lowther avenue, will receive on the second and third days of the month.

Among hostesses who gave dinners last week were Mrs. Fraser Macdonald and Mrs. Arthurs of Ravenswood. Mrs. Hammond and Mrs. Osborne gave beautiful luncheons.

Mrs. Harry Pringle's dance for her sister's young friends on Thursday, November 6, was a very bright affair. Miss Laura McKinnon leaves shortly to spend the winter in Denver, and her friends gave her "bon voyage" very heartily. The dance was not large, but very joyful, and some of the debutante belles were much admired, Miss Taylor and Miss Cosgrave particularly looking well.

Mrs. Slaght (nee Wilson of Simcoe), who has been much entertained by old friends during her visit to the parents of her daughter-in-law-elect, Miss Evelyn Lukes, has found many of her schoolmates, the Hellmuth College girls of the seventies, settled in Toronto. It is suggested that the college girls should hold a reunion, as so many of the college men have been doing. Among the matrons of Toronto who spent some of their very young days at Hellmuth College are Mrs. Vernon Wadsworth, Mrs. Jackson of Upper Canada College, Mrs. Salter Jarvis, Mrs. C. C. Dalton, Mrs. Alfred Plummer, Mrs. T aylor English, Mrs. James Allen, Miss Coventon and the Misses Labatt were also of the same coterie, and have many a laugh together over old times.

Miss Counsell of Hamilton came down for the young folks' dance at Glenhurst on Wednesday evening.

Mrs. Britton is bringing out a young daughter next Monday afternoon, and will present her to the guests at a tea at McConkey's on that day. The tea is from half-past four to seven.

Mrs. Ed VanAllen of Brantford has come, with her children, to Toronto to reside for the winter, and perhaps to remain permanently. Her friends in Brantford will miss her greatly.

Clear Complexions

That "totally different" Cereal Food, "Wheat Marrow" makes rich, red blood, and clear complexions follow naturally. Nothing can take its place because nothing is just like it. It is a new and original preparation from the glutinous portion of the choicest Winter Wheat.

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Turn It Upside Down
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The success attained in the short time this Ale has been before the public is unprecedented. A single trial will convince. To be had at all hotels and dealers.
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...for Women
are indispensable. They add the finishing touch that makes her appear and feel well dressed.
H. & C. Blachford,
114 YONGE STREET.

girl," said he tenderly, "when it comes to an emergency you seem to be braver, more sure-witted than I!"
Norma gave a trembling sigh.
"I hope I am learning to be wiser, less foolish at least, less wicked, than I was before I knew you," said she softly.
"And if I do learn the lesson, it will be from the teacher I have here."
And she pressed her hands upon her heart.
"My darling! My poor darling!" cried Astley.
And he would have kissed her, caressed her, but she would not let him.
"Wait! Wait!" sighed she gently, as she held him away from her.
"And if we wait in vain," said he, "what then? Will you always stay away? Will you always keep me off? When you know that there is nothing between us but a mountain of falsehood, deception and lies?"
Norma waited a moment to be sure that her voice should be steady, and then she whispered:
"The lies will be found out, the deception will be punished. Oh, I do believe it, I will! And you must believe it too: and you must put yourself in Mr. Capper's hands, and be patient if you can."
"Capper's gone to London," said Astley.
"I saw him off this evening."
"And did you walk back from the station over the fields?" asked Norma softly.
"Yes," he turned upon her quickly.
"How did you know?"
But she would not tell him. She did not want him to know exactly where her hiding-place was. So they walked in silence through the tangle of brushwood, guided by the voices and moving lanterns of the group, which had now become a large one, to the place where the tragedy had happened.
(To be continued.)

Penance.
Because I dared to love you, I must bear the penalty of barren, joyless days.
The knowledge that our feet down alien ways shall tread the paths Fate would not let us share;
That I may never seek for comfort where your lips would smile response, nor hope to gaze once more in your dear eyes—too well Time pays Her score to pain with longing and despair!
Ah, through the empty years I strive to carve Your image from remembrances—each word, Each look of yours a jewel in the shrine.
Before whose sealed crypt my heart must starve— For here but love's far echoes can be heard, And only shadows may I clasp as mine!
—Town Topics.

Curious Bits of News.
In Scotland 28,106 persons have been found who speak only Gaelic, and 202,700 who, though they can speak English too, usually speak Gaelic.

It is announced that the Sultan of Turkey has begun to reform his feminine establishments. The expense of maintaining the Yildiz Kiosk harem, at a modest estimate, is \$825,000 a year, and the other three establishments together cost \$1,500,000. The total expense now is to be reduced to \$250,000 a year. Mizi Bey, the chief eunuch, has been entrusted with the task of weeding out the superfluous, who are to be married to officers and officials. The Sultan has been induced also to set his face against much of the infanticide which takes place in the secret recesses of his palaces.

The Italian people, in all walks of life, are hopeful that Queen Helena will bear an heir to the throne. This event, which is due soon, is arousing extraordinary manifestations of popular loyalty. Interest is nowhere so eager as in the slums, where the friends of criminals are hopeful for an heir because the King will grant amnesty to thousands of convicts in that event. Betting on the event is common, and a prominent druggist of Rome has organized a lottery with a big money prize, for which all may compete by sending an order for a box of pills, and filling in a coupon indicating the day of the event and the sex of the infant.

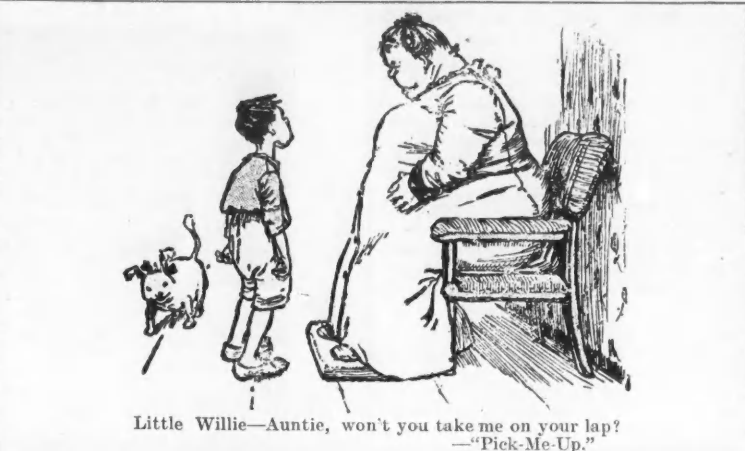
Tourists in Switzerland will soon have a choice of sensational experiences. If they do not care to climb Mont Blanc, they may make a "submerged excursion" in a submarine boat in Lake Geneva.

The boat will travel twenty-five miles under water and a mile and a half on the surface, tickets for the trip will cost twenty-five dollars, and each passenger will receive a life insurance policy for twenty-five hundred dollars. The guaranty of insurance is not, perhaps, so reassuring as it was meant to be; but a whole lot of propositions convey a pleasing suggestion that submarine voyages are ceasing to be experimental and becoming safe.

An ingenious method of mild adulteration is practised in Athens. The residents like other people.

Bad food and overwork wreck many a life, but the right food makes sure and complete happiness, for one must be happy if perfectly well.
"Grape-Nuts saved my life, and changed me from a nervous, sick, despondent woman to a healthy, strong and cheerful one," writes Mrs. Alice Kiesel of Pontiac, Ills. "I had not been well for several years, as I thought, as did my friends, that my days were numbered. My ill-health was caused from drinking coffee, eating improper food and overwork in the schoolroom; I had become very weak, tired and nervous, and nothing I ate agreed with me. Medicine made me more nervous and impaired my digestive organs."
"It was with difficulty that a neighbor induced me to try Grape-Nuts and I liked it from the first, with thick cream and sugar. I lived on it exclusively with Postum Food Coffee until my digestion was so much improved I could eat other foods. My friends soon noticed the improvement in my looks, and I am now healthy, strong and happy. I attribute the change in my health solely to the change of diet."
"Husband and I both like Grape-Nuts and Postum. I think they are the most healthful and strengthening of all foods and drinks and suitable for the weak as well as for the strong."

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Little Willie—Auntie, won't you take me on your lap?
—"Pick-Me-Up."

dents have a penchant for goat's milk, and herds of these animals are led along the street by Greek milk-sellers wearing long blouses with capacious sleeves. Their cry of "Gala! Gala!" brings the housewife to the door, and she prudently demands that the goats shall be milked in her presence. This is done, but the milkman has in one hand the end of a thin tube which runs up his sleeve and connects with an india-rubber receptacle full of water, which is carried under his ample blouse. At each pressure of the fingers on the udder there is a corresponding compression of the water sack, and milk and water flow side by side into the milk-pail.

Mr. Dugald Macdonald of Montreal has undoubtedly great faith in his own capabilities. He claims to have solved certain problems respecting astronomical and other sciences by a long course of study of the Egyptian pyramids. Relying on the facts in his possession he has challenged the scientists of all the world to answer any or all of the following questions: Why was the day divided into 24 hours? Why was the hour divided into 60 minutes? Why was the minute divided into 60 seconds? Why was the circle divided into 360 degrees? Why was the degree divided into 60 minutes? Why was the minute divided into 60 seconds? Why was the second divided into 60 thirds? What is the origin of the Troy pound? What is the origin of the English inch? What is the origin of the English foot?

"Popular Mineral Springs."
The curative powers of the waters of St. Catharines or Preston, Ont., are becoming well known. Mount Clemens, Mich., is world-renowned, and is a delightful place with plenty of good hotels, and easily and quickly reached via the Grand Trunk. Trains leaving Toronto at 7:35 a.m., 11:20 p.m., arrive St. Catharines at 1:10 p.m., 7:52 p.m., 6:36 a.m. Descriptive booklets, etc., on application to city office, north-west corner King and Yonge streets.

The Rebellion of St. Timothy.

BY ISAAC ANDERSON.
THIS is the story of a good boy and a bad boy. The good boy's name was Timothy, and he was so very good indeed that he had no other thought of calling him Tim. He had other nicknames, however—"Sissy," "Mamma's Boy," and, worst of all, "Saint Timothy." Just why this latter epithet was more hateful than the others it is hard to say; but it was, so much so that Timothy was tempted oftentimes to commit some dreadful crime, such as whispering in school or playing marbles for keeps, in order to rid himself of the odious title. Had he been sure that a single lapse from virtue would have the desired effect, he probably would not have hesitated long, but something told him that he would succeed only in making himself ridiculous. Besides, there was his mother. She took great pride in the fact that her son was indisputably the best boy in town. To have him forfeit that distinction would break her heart.

The bad boy was different. If there was any crime in the calendar of boyhood which he had not committed, it was because he had never heard of it. He was held up as a warning example to all the other boys, who worshipped him in consequence. This boy's name was William, though on rare occasions, when no mischief of his had come to light for the misdeed of a whole day, his mother called him Willie. If he bore that name two days in succession, it was time to call in the doctor. The boys called him neither William nor Willie, but just plain Bill.

It was Friday afternoon, a time when schoolboys rejoice in their temporary release from bondage, but the boy's heart was sore within him. He had been whipped twice that day for the same offence—once at school and later on at home. He felt the need of someone upon whom he could wreak vengeance for the wrongs he had suffered. Then it was that fate led the good boy across his path.

"Hello, Saint Timothy!" cried Bill jeeringly.

Timothy flushed, but made no reply. His mother had forbidden him to speak to Bill, and he was determined to obey, no matter what the cost.

"What's the matter, Saint? Can't you talk?"

Still no answer.

"You're afraid to say anything to me," taunted Bill, placing himself directly in the other's way. "I dare you to. You're a coward."

"I'm not," retorted Timothy. Any other boy would have said, "I ain't neither," but Timothy was painfully correct in his speech.

"Then fight," said Bill, squaring off.

"I won't," said Timothy steadfastly.

"You won't, hey? I'll make you." And Bill suddenly struck out with his clenched fist.

Timothy dodged the first blow, but the second one landed on his nose, causing the blood to flow. Even then he did not strike back, but simply tried to ward off the blows which were rained upon him. When it was all over, which was very soon, for Bill found no pleasure in a one-sided combat, Timothy went home.

"Why, Timothy Truman!" exclaimed his mother when she saw his bruised and bleeding face, "what under the sun have you been doing?"

must have done something to provoke him.

"No, ma'am, I didn't. He said I was a coward and I said I wasn't, and then he hit me."

"There, I knew you had said or done something. It always takes two to quarrel. And I've told you time and again that you should never speak to Willie Collins. Oh, Timothy, to think that you should disobey me. I shall have to punish you severely for this. You shall go straight to bed without your supper, and to-morrow you shall remain in the house all day."

The punishment seemed to Timothy to be cruelly unjust. He had tried to be good, to live up to the principles his mother had taught him, and now, merely because he had forgotten himself and answered back when he was called a coward—an epithet that even an angel would resent—he was sent to bed hungry, and deprived of his liberty for one long summer day. The injustice of it all rankled within him, and he brooded over it until he cried himself to sleep.

The next morning he ate breakfast in silence, and then retired to a corner of the sitting-room with a book from the Sunday-school library. But the reading was a mere pretense. He was in no mood to sympathize with the good little boy whose wicked step-father beat him because he would not steal. That boy had at least the consolation that he was a martyr in a good cause. But Timothy was being punished for trying his very best to obey. The thought of his wrongs was too much for the boy, and he threw himself face downward on the sofa and wept bitterly, scalding tears of rage. His mother, hearing his sobs, interpreted them differently. "Timothy," she said impressively, "I am glad to see that you repent of your wickedness. I hope this will be a lesson to you, and that you will never disobey me again."

That was the last straw. Wickedness, indeed! He would show her what real wickedness was. And as soon as his mother had left the room, Timothy threw the Sunday school book into the corner, slipped quietly out at the front door, and bolted.

He went directly to the vacant lot where the boys played ball. He knew that he would find his enemy there. The boys saw him coming and laughed derisively. "Here comes Saint Timothy," they cried. "He's going to turn the other cheek and ask Bill to hit him again."

But Timothy paid no heed. He walked straight up to where Bill was standing. "I'm going to lick you, Bill Collins," he said quietly.

"Ho, ho!" laughed Bill. "Hear that, fellows! Saint Timothy says he's going to lick me. Don't you know it's very wrong to fight?" he added with mock gravity.

"Yes, I do know it, and I don't care a darn." He had never said "darn" before, but no sin was too black for him now.

Seeing that Timothy was really in earnest, Bill stripped for the fray, while the other boys crowded eagerly around.

It was a hard fought battle. Bill, by virtue of long experience, was the better fighter, but Timothy was animated by a wild Berserker rage which lent force to his blows and made him insensible to those of his adversary. In the end, Bill was obliged to cry, "Enough," though not until both the combatants had been severely bruised and beaten.

The defeated champion insisted upon shaking hands with the victor. "Tim," he said, "you're a good feller, and I'm sorry I hit you yesterday, when you didn't want to fight. If anybody ever calls you Saint Timothy after this, I'll lick 'em myself, if you don't want to."

Timothy walked in upon his father and mother as they were sitting down to their midday meal. His appearance was anything but prepossessing. His left eye was rapidly taking on a tinge of greenish-blue, his lip was split, and his clothes were torn and stained with blood and dirt. But upon his face was a look of supreme happiness.

"Oh, you wicked boy," cried his mother.

"Have you been fighting again?"

"Yes, ma'am," replied Timothy calmly. "I've licked Bill Collins, and I'm glad of it."

At this the boy's father suddenly found it necessary to bury his face in a napkin, and indulge in a violent fit of coughing. But the mother was shocked. Could this be her little Timothy, who had always been so gentle and obedient? Was it possible that all her careful training had been in vain?

"There," she said, turning to her husband, "what do you say now? Do you still think I was too harsh with him last night? If I had whipped him then, I ought to have done, his wouldn't have happened. Now you may punish him." And putting her handkerchief to her eyes, the poor woman retired to her bedroom to weep over the depravity of her son.

"Timothy," said Mr. Truman sternly, "come with me." And he led the way to the kitchen.

Timothy followed immediately. What did he care for a whipping now? Had he not beaten the best fighter in town? He would show his father that he could take his punishment like a man.

"So you licked Bill Collins, did you?" said Mr. Truman after he had closed the kitchen door behind them.

"Yes, I did," replied Timothy defiantly. "I hope you didn't lick him any worse than he licked you."

"He didn't lick me at all," retorted the boy. "I made him holler 'nuff, and I guess that's what counts, even if he did give me a black eye."

"It is pretty black, isn't it?" said his father critically. "Let me see if I can't do something for it." And Mr. Truman disappeared into the pantry, returning presently with a piece of raw beef and a folded napkin. "Tim, my boy," he said

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Ask to see the "St. Leger" patent kid lace boot for men—made on the Senator last—a strictly modern make, with dull kid top, Good year welt sole—an elegant shoe to wear with a Morning or Prince Albert Coat. We have them in sizes 5 to 11, widths C and D. **\$5.00**
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110 YONGE STREET, TORONTO

*There are two kinds of tea—
Ours and the rest of them.
Blue Ribbon Tea.*

gently, as he applied the bandage, "if you insist upon going in for the strenuous life, it's time you learned that the best thing in the world for a black eye is raw beef."
The boy wept, but they were tears of joy. It was the second time in his life that he had been called Tim.—Pearson's Magazine.

The Crop of '82.
The jokes of twenty years ago were merry bursts of pungent wit. The dullest of them could, I know, invite one to a laughing fit. That only aching sides could stop. The quips of old-time minstrel show And even the Almanac's short crops— The jokes of twenty years ago.

Robert Barr's Latest.
M. R. ROBERT BARR ("Luke Sharp"), who has again acquired the "Idler," has some witty things to say about the purchase:

"I have bought the 'Idler,' and I hope everyone else in England will do the same. It will cost you a simple sixpence; I paid a good deal more. Editors have always recognized the commercial value of an imposing list of celebrated names in their preliminary announcements, and I follow their example. A popular contributor is a prized asset, even though he be in reality but the first syllable of that word. I hope then to present to readers of the 'Idler' articles and stories by Tom Smith, Dick Jones and Harry Robinson. When these distinguished writers brace up and let me have something from their talented pens worth printing. The truth is I don't care a rap for a great name, and I'd rather print a good story by the unknown Polly Perkins of Paddington than a poor yarn from the German Emperor of Berlin. If this increases the irritation against us across the Rhine, I can't help it. I shall print the truth if the Hohenzollern dynasty falls. This announcement need not cast a gloom over the haunts of the famous. I am quite willing to accept any effort of a noted man or woman, if it happens to be worthy. I have no prejudice against a great name; indeed, if I wished to flaunt a resplendent reputation on the pages of the 'Idler' all I should have to do would be to write the whole magazine myself. But I am a cautious editor. When formerly connected with this magazine I was under the painful necessity of rejecting three of my own essays in fiction. They were not up to the mark. R. B. the author cannot delude R. B. the editor. At present I am using his literary talents for the writing of my circulars, and if he shows capacity I may print one of his articles in the magazine. Modern literature has proved that authors make the best advertisers."

Some Grizzly Bear Stories.
In the old days of the Spanish occupation of California, a common amusement on fete days was a fight between a grizzly bear and a bull. Old-time residents, who witnessed the barbarous contests, say that the grizzly came off victor. Some bears have dispatched five and six bulls in an afternoon. The maddened bear would always rise upon his hind legs as the attacking, bellowing bull, with head lowered, came prancing toward the grizzly. The bear would await the attack, then at a favorable moment, quick as a flash it would deal the bull a staggering blow between the eyes. This blow was sometimes so powerful that the bull dropped dead with a crushed skull. Anyhow, the blow from the bear's paw was always so heavy that the bull was groggy for a few minutes, and stumbled on its forelegs. Meanwhile the grizzly would cling to the bull, striking its razor-like claws deep into the bovine flesh, while it bit and chewed the bull to death. At some of these Spanish contests bears have broken bulls' legs as if they were pine sticks.

"The best illustration I ever knew of a grizzly's powerful forearms and quickness of motion occurred at a bear and bull fight in San Gabriel, Cal., in the early forties," said Senor Don Aguilar recently. "In the excitement of the mortal fight between the beasts, a man accidentally fell over the railing to the floor of the pen below. In a second the big hulking bear dove from the bull straight at the man, striking one paw at his head. The man was literally and instantly scalped, and in a second more the grizzly had torn the man into a horrible mass."

"I have known young grizzly bears to carry carcasses of heifers," said Captain Dan Fuller of Portland, Ore., "for more than fifteen miles just as fast as most men can run. Once I saw an old grizzly carrying a dead pig, weighing about 150

pounds, in its forepaws and mouth as easily as a boy would carry a cat. Three summers ago I was in the Coast Mountains and I saw a grizzly bear carrying a yearling cow home to her cubs. I had a place on a mountain side where I could see every movement of the bear in the sparsely timbered valley before me. She carried the dead cow in her forepaws for about three miles, across sharp rocks, over logs, around the rocky mountain sides, where even a jackass could not get a foothold, to a narrow trail up the steep mountain. She never stopped to rest for a moment, but went right along. I followed her, and just about half a mile from her lair I laid her out."

Easily Pleased.
The man in search of a coachman looked coldly at the voluble and eager young Frenchman before him, and shook his head.

"I don't wish another valet," he said. "I have one already; there would be nothing for you to do."

"But, monsieur," pleaded the young man, with outstretched hands, "if you could conceive how little it takes to occupy me!"



TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

EDMUND E. SHEPPARD - Editor

SATURDAY NIGHT is a Twelve-page, handsomely illustrated paper, published weekly, and devoted to its readers.

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VOL. 16.

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 15, 1902.

NO. 1.

The Drama



We have had the privilege this week of seeing and comparing two of the famous religious and spectacular dramas which have recently scored popular successes in the great theatrical centers. "The Sign of the Cross" at the Grand Opera House and "Ben Hur" at the Princess Theater are both plays which deal with the beginnings of the Christian era and draw a contrast between the cruel and corrupt civilization of the physical empire of Rome and the beneficent moral ideals of that spiritual kingdom which the lonely Man of Galilee founded on the ruins of Judaism. These plays make a strong appeal to a section of the public that does not usually patronize the theater. Both in the Grand and the Princess, at any of the performances this week, it was easy to see that many were present who were not habitués, but came because they were sure—or thought they were sure—of the moral tone of these productions. I am not a subscriber to the shallow, conventional standards by which the "uncolored" world measure the moral influence of the stage. The end the theater serves is not, and cannot be, to preach. The didactic impulse is fatal to art. Yet within the limits of this statement I think it can be admitted that it would be well if there were more plays that left as sweet a savor behind them as either "The Sign of the Cross" or "Ben Hur."

"The Sign of the Cross" is by no means a novelty in Toronto. It was produced here by Mr. Wilson Barrett himself, and again by the English company that came out three years ago on the ill-fated "Scotsman." The present production of the play is, of course, not to be compared with the original, in which Mr. Barrett appeared. Yet the company at the Grand give, on the whole, an interesting and pleasing performance. The scenic investiture of the piece, while not perfect, is satisfactory. Special interest is lent to the production by the fact that two talented young Toronto women, Misses Lily and Mabel Lorrell, daughters of Mrs. William Sprinks, appear in the cast. The former takes the principal female role, that of the Christian maiden, Mercia, and the latter is the Roman slave girl, Zona. I am pleased to be able to present portraits of these clever young actresses, whose work is so distinctly creditable. Miss Lily Lorrell, as her portrait shows, is a sweet and spiritual type of blonde, while her sister is a young woman of handsome face and figure, and a rich brunette. The former's impersonation of the exalted character of the Christian maiden in the play is a really powerful and moving performance. Not only does Miss Lorrell look the part; she has resourcefulness as an emotional actress, and something that is much more rare, the good taste never to overdo her part. Her career, considering her years, holds out great promise. Her sister, as Zona, has not the same scope, but plays a small part with good judgment.



Miss Mabel Lorrell as Zona.

Zona, has not the same scope, but plays a small part with good judgment.

"Ben Hur," which is given a most elaborate and expensive production at the Princess, is perhaps the finest spectacle that has ever been seen on any local stage. The familiar story of General Lew Wallace's famous book is told in the action of the play with a fair degree of intelligibility; yet interest centers not in the story, but in the exquisitely beautiful tableaux and splendid mechanical novelties—the apparition of the Star of Bethlehem, the interior of the Roman galley, the shipwreck scene, the revel in the grove of Daphne, the chariot race, the palm-bearers hailing the Lord as He descends the Mount of Olivet, etc. The whole production is magnificent, gorgeous, stupendous. The company is a huge one. There is a bewildering wealth of costumes and properties. The trained horses alone must be worth a small fortune. They are noble-looking brutes and equal the best of their human colleagues in knowledge of the part they play. To heighten the Orientalism of one of the scenes, a beautiful camel (if a camel can ever be described as beautiful) is let loose on the stage. I need, no trouble or expense seems to have been spared to heighten the realism or add to the artistic finish of the scenes. There are no fewer than fourteen complete changes of setting. The orchestra has been doubled. The company, while not distinguished by the presence of any actors of overshadowing ability, has a high average of excellence throughout. No one should miss "Ben Hur" for the production is altogether too cumbersome and expensive to be maintained profitably on the road, and it will likely disappear with this season. I do not think the notices in the daily papers commenced to do justice to this perfectly enchanting performance, but if the company remain here for another week, as I believe their intention is, everyone will have heard of the excellence of the performance before the opportunity of seeing it has slipped by.

There is rather a striking resemblance between Mr.

George Flood, who plays Marcus Superbus in "The Sign of the Cross," and Mr. William Farnum, who plays the title role in "Ben Hur." They are both splendid looking fellows physically. And they each have the same fault of elocution—that of a too rapid delivery, which destroys the effect of a great many of their lines. This they should strive to correct, in their own interest and for the pleasure of their audiences.

Lottie Brandon's loop the loop act at Shea's theater this week is the feature of the performance that appeals most strongly to the majority. It is a sensational feat of the kind now so familiar to most audiences, but surpasses other acts of the same description in aesthetic detail. The loop stands against a background of dead black, and the edge of the circle is picked out with incandescent lights. This heightens the effect immensely. Miss Brandon makes the circuit of the loop four times with apparently the greatest ease. Apart from the merits of her performance, she is a pretty and prepossessing young woman who has no difficulty in gaining the sympathetic attention of the people beyond the footlights. Charles Guyor and Nellie Daly are novelty dancers of a high order of excellence. Their eccentric waltz, in the course of which they overturn furniture and make a "rough house" generally, is one of the funniest turns imaginable. Elizabeth Murray's songs and stories are not often equalled, and Miss Murray has made a hit at every performance. Burke Brothers and "Wise Mike," a trained donkey, give an uproariously funny Irish sketch. Other features of an excellent show are the exposition of "black art" by the Musical Kleists, the double-ring performance of Silvern and Emerie, the singing of Lorraine Armour and Charles Baguley, and the monologue by Billy Link, a burnt-cork comedian.

A number of clever young men and women have joined together under the name of the Unity Dramatic Club, and propose giving a series of entertainments in aid of the building fund of St. Luke's new Sunday school. During the season they may give performances in aid of the hospitals and for other charitable purposes. Their first entertainment, on Tuesday night in St. Luke's Sunday school room, was certainly a success, and under the able management of Mr. Horace S. Tibbs they will doubtless continue to give a good account of themselves in future programmes. The first part of the evening was devoted to music. Those taking part were Mrs. Garratt, soprano; Miss Dorothy Davison, pianist; Mr. H. S. Tibbs, tenor, and Master Frank Clag, who delighted the audience with his funny songs and was recalled several times. The play, "A Silent Dilemma," was immensely entertaining and well rendered. Those taking part were Mrs. F. D. Taylor, Miss E. Kertland, Miss D. Kirkpatrick, Miss E. Thorne, Miss Ruth Meyer, Miss P. Mills, Mr. Fred T. Gordon, Mr. H. S. Tibbs, Mr. J. Young, Mr. J. Oakley, Mr. M. R. Bedlington, Mr. M. Cochran and Mr. G. Kertland. Next month they will give a very pretty English play, "In the Summer of '93."

The announcement of the appearance of Hyde's Comedians at Shea's next week ought to call forth a record breaking advance sale at the play-house for their engagement. Hyde's Comedians are one of the most popular organizations in vaudeville, largely owing to the fact that during their career they are under the personal direction of Mr. James Hyde, whose custom is to change the make-up of the company every year. This season he announces that the company is composed of the Four Mortons, the Musical Colbys, Piccollo's Midgets, the Nichols Sisters, Troyollo, Boyce and Wilson, Hall and Staley, O'Zav and Delmo, and Tom Hearn. The Four Mortons need only to be named to excite unusual interest. The quartette, composed of Sam, Clara, Kitty and Paul Morton, present a big act, both musical and comic. The Musical Colbys are a family of instrumentalists in the head line class. Piccollo's Midgets are comic Liputians and this summer they were the chief attraction at the Broadway Theater Roof Garden, New York. The Nichols Sisters, as the "Colored Belles," present colored character impersonations that are amusing and original. Troyollo is a ventriloquist and has a new act, "The Artist's Model." Boyce and Wilson, clever comedians, are always identified with the foremost companies. Hall and Staley, as the twentieth century burglars, are inimitable laughmakers. Tom Hearn is one of England's funniest vaudeville comedians, and O'Zav and Delmo will be seen in their laughable comedy juggling specialty.

Miss Marguerite Dunn, the clever entertainer, met with such success at a concert held in Karn Hall, Montreal, on November 6th, that she is booked to read there again about the end of December. The Montreal "Star" of November 7th says of her: "One of the most interesting features of the concert was that it introduced to a Montreal audience Miss Marguerite Dunn, a talented elocutionist from Toronto. Miss Dunn has in different cities shown she is one of the leading Canadian elocutionists before the public to-day. Her selections last evening included 'Leah the Forsaken' and 'How Salvador Won.' Miss Dunn received double encores, and after each appearance was presented with a large bouquet of flowers."

It is strange that men should see sublime inspiration in the ruins of an old church and see none in the ruins of a man.



Miss Lily Lorrell, the clever young Toronto lady who impersonates Mercia in "The Sign of the Cross."

Recent Rugby.

AFTER Saturday's victory, Varsity's fifteen feels prouder than when the Prince of Wales took his Toronto "sheepskin." In many ways it was a great victory and a splendid surprise to those who went up to have a look. If the same energy in getting the best men out and determination to win had been displayed earlier in the gridiron season, the championship might have remained at the same address, instead of moving to McGill's halls in Old Kebeck.

Beatty was by long odds the strenuous life of the team, and when he punted one thought the pigskin had "the wings of the morning" attached to it. In fact that drop-kick of his was worth walking on tacks several blocks to get your lamps on. Biddy McLennan's appearance naturally meant a Gibraltar of strength to the wing division, and those who watched saw him take "the measure of a man" and qualify every time.

As for Queen's, they were simply outclassed. Their weakness was accentuated by the deplorable weakness of the half division, who lost in the "sterling exchange" of punts, invariably from fumbling and poor kicking. Score, 11-1.

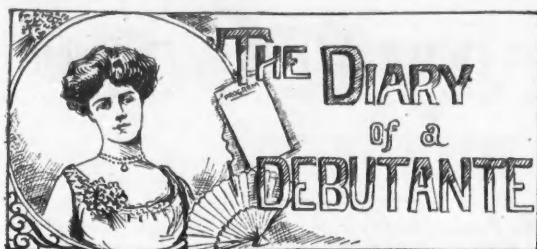
At the Rosedale grounds on the same day, Toronto put it over Argos, II, by a score of 6-5, thus winning for themselves the district's intermediate championship. It really was up to the Argos to win with such a team as lined up, wearing the light and dark blue, but "le bon chance" was against them, for they lost the game on costly fumbles and free kicks just when they were due to score. Kent, for the Argos ("Pud's" brother) put up a great game and will be a Koh-i-noor when he has more experience, as also did Stollery and Hynes for the Torontos. The Rosedale aggregation will likely meet Peterboro' in the finals for the Ontario championship later on.

Upper Canada College fifteen are to be congratulated on winning every match they have played this autumn, particularly since Dr. Parkin is abroad. Port Hope College, Ridley and St. Andrew's of Toronto have fallen victims to the Ben Hur gladiators of Deer Park, who are in every respect "kings of the castle."

To-morrow (Saturday) at the Bloor street west grounds the Argonauts and Varsity come together in their first round to try some funny work for the city championship. To make the game more attractive and to satisfy a long-felt desire of football enthusiasts, the Burnside snap-back system, which does away with the "Joe Wright perfection"—the scrimmage—will prevail. The main advantage of the new system is that the ball can always be seen from the half-frozen grand stand, and on account of the rule that ten yards must be gained on three downs there is bound to be a great deal of open running and kicking. The objectionable offside interference which characterizes the game as developed in Yankeeland is not permitted, and the incessant scrimmaging and mass play to which our own game has degenerated are entirely put out of business. As the students have been playing all week in the Mulock Cup series and the Argos also at work with their best men in uniform, a real interesting game of snap-back Rugby will at last be no Chinese dream, but a reality.

Q. T.





THE DIARY OF A DEBUTANTE

I AM having so many new experiences that when I sit down in rare leisure moments to write about them I scarcely know where to begin. Every day I am absorbing knowledge, mainly in homeopathic form, in the shape of hints and suggestions from Mamma, but sometimes, I am proud to say, I evolve a conclusion on my own account. For instance, last night I was one of a theater party whose host had engaged two boxes, and I found myself suddenly called upon to face a crowd of people (most of whom stared) in my best frock, which is, of course, décolletée. My first impulse, when my host pointed to an outer chair and said, "Will you?" was to beg to be allowed to sit further back. Then I recalled hearing Mamma say that most of the box parties were either too statuesque or too frisky, and I determined to be neither, and found it quite easy to sit quietly in the place indicated, answer questions without contorting myself, and when the curtain rose to divide my attention between the play and the Butterfly who was behind me, and voted the whole thing a huge bore. I am sorry to say that the Butterfly has elected himself my chief attendant. He says I am clever, because the other day at a girl's tea I was weary of the geying to which some of the girls subjected me, and I left them and went into the library, saying that if they must say rude things about me it would be perhaps less rude of them if I were absent. The Butterfly says that I got into a horrid rage and laid them all out nicely, but it happened exactly as I tell it. Now the girls say, "Promise you won't snub us any more, you dreadfully sarcastic creature," and I promise, but it's all very ridiculous.

The Butterfly has taken a house, where a very pretty lady formerly lived. I asked him if the lady had left town. He giggled and pretended to be shocked, and whispered, "Oh—the lady—didn't go with the lease, you see!" and gave me quite a knowing look. If the Butterfly doesn't stop I shall have to ask Mamma to tell me how to get rid of him. When he had done giggling he whispered to my host, "The debutante is saying the most shocking things to me, my dear fellow. I am really quite embarrassed!" And then everybody quite forgot the play and wanted to know what I had said, and one of the girls remarked that I seemed to be always saying frightful things, and she only wished I'd teach her some of them, for the men seemed to like hearing them. Wasn't that deplorable?

I have been to a dinner party, given in my honor. Fancy! a dinner for me! I sat beside the man of the house at the end of the long table, and Charlie Jones, who is also a "just-out," took in the hostess. The hostess talked all the time to Charlie Jones, and the host talked all the time to me, for the young people who were happily paired, five pairs on each side, never took the least notice of us. Here is just what the host said. Before the caviare, "Having a pleasant time, coming out? Ho, ho! I've heard about you. Quite a belle—quite a belle." Before the soup, "Well, how do you like it as far as you've gone? Breaking hearts, I suppose? Ho, ho! I've heard things. Little birds tell me all sorts of things. No sherry? Oh, best thing in the world. Sherry, James." Before the fish, "How did you enjoy the ball? I saw you frisking about—ho, ho!—breaking all the boys' hearts. No, I don't believe a word of it! Always said you'd be a great success. Your mother and grandmother were, before you. But be merciful, be merciful; ho, ho! ha, ha!" I don't remember all the other entries, because they seemed something like the "airs with variations" that I found in Mamma's old music roll. No matter whether you played chords or runs or arpeggios, or thirds or major or minor, the same old tune flavored them all. And I did get a bit tired of my debutante doings!

Also, the long, long dinner and the wine, and the lights, and my having had my first riding lesson in the morning, made me actually sleepy, so that it was a positive release when we (the ladies!) followed our hostess into the drawing-room. "Poor debutante!" whispered one of the girls. "I saw your little old nose stiffen every time you covered up a yawn. Did you nearly go to sleep?" "Pretty nearly," I confessed, and what do you think that girl did? Positively screamed, laughing, and called to the hostess, "Dear Mrs. Bountiful, here's the debutante saying she's walking in her sleep." And everyone laughed but the hostess, who is a most ladylike woman (the one with the daughters), and she smiled (a smile I didn't quite understand nor like), and said, "Do let me give you some coffee. It's very reviving." While we had the coffee, I asked her to come into the conservatory, and explained to her very earnestly just what I had said, and about the riding lesson, and my not being accustomed to wine, and she was simply lovely to me, just as lovely as Mamma could have been. When I said good night she kissed me, and was so friendly, and I was glad of it, for I heard one of the boys asking that girl if she'd not made a mistake, and I think I know what he meant.

I am afraid I am too fond of dancing. I could go and go! It gives me a cross feeling whenever anyone introduces an old man to me at a dance. I mean a man over thirty-five or forty. They "drag" in their dancing. I'd almost rather dance with Charlie Jones, who plunges. Mamma says I should not have told some of my partners how well they dance, but I really couldn't help it, I was so pleased. And they always ask me. I've been at four dances and have had the same partners every time. Mamma doesn't always like them. She has a way of saying, "I wonder what Smith or Brown or Robinson he is?" when I tell her some of their names, and sometimes it turns out that he's not any of the Smiths or Browns or Robinsons that she knows, and she looks so puzzled and thoughtful and keeps on asking old ladies and gentlemen. Once I thought I'd save her the trouble, and I asked a man myself. I don't know what made him huffy, but he was, for another man who was introduced to me by my interesting lady who smoked the cigarette said immediately, "Oh, I say, I hear you always put fellows on a catechism about who their people are. Is that so? Because I may as well tell you that I'm quite a nobody, just a respectable, worthy, taxpaying citizen who hopes to be one of your loyal admirers." That man is a duke's nephew in England, and Mamma says he's the most charming young fellow she's met in years. I was too much amazed at him to say anything, and my programme was quite full, to extra-extra-extras, so he bowed to me and took Mamma to supper. Mamma did laugh when I explained what I suppose he meant, and the interesting lady with the thin arms and the big eyes was annoyed because I wouldn't explain to her also. I should have, only Mamma gave me the kind of look that meant "Don't." Somehow, I am becoming tired of that lady. At first I almost went the length of dreaming about her. The Butterfly was the first to take the rose-colored glasses from my eyes. He is cynical, for a Butterfly, but I believe he was in earnest when he said she was making use of me. We went to the golf links together, and met Charlie Jones and the Corsair. That's another man we all know. He's very, very clever, and exceeding conscious of it. Then we went to the Country Club and met the Corsair and Charlie Jones. One day we went shopping, and the Corsair took us to luncheon in a dear little private room, all yellow brocade and ivory enamel. Instead of coffee and rolls we had frogs' legs and champagne. Then Mamma, having heard about the luncheon, told Papa, and I haven't seen much of either the Corsair or the lady since. Charlie Jones also says he thinks my role of "chaperone" is over. It is exceedingly



Miss Eleanor Cosgrave.



Miss Etta Taylor.

TWO OF THIS SEASON'S CHARMING DEBUTANTES.

disagreeable to think that he and I were really perhaps chaperoning those others, and I am learning that even picturesque ladies with magnetic eyes may not be above taking advantage of a debutante.

One other thing has happened that has tried me a good deal. I have received a confidence. Not even to my Diary can I tell it, for all flesh is grass, and people are dying every minute, and if it were written here, and I were one of those persons due to expire suddenly, someone would certainly read what I have promised never to reveal. But to hear of someone suffering and being badly treated, even if it's only a girl like myself and a foolish girl, too, to care for anyone who only pretended to care for her, has made me a bit sore on all humanity, male humanity of course. When I see that man I imagine I can discover in him all sorts of mean, cruel, wicked traits and ways. Isn't that unjust of me? Because though I wiped her eyes, and kissed her, and swore I'd never cease to sympathize with her, I do think perhaps he may have found her tiresome.

An Imperial Hold-up.

I HAD been arguing the question of trades unionism with a labor leader, and getting the worst of it. "You talk about the illogical tyranny of a strike," he wound up. "Now, were you ever in a strike?" Not being a member of the aristocracy of labor, as Mr. Howland would put it, but merely a common or garden scribbler, he thought he had me, in the language of the composing-room, "pied." He hadn't. "Oh, you were, were you? Some little three-line reporters' kick against a one-horse daily in an isolated Western town, eh?" And he laughed one of those laughs that the member of a union that makes a newspaper proprietor wonder whether he has a right to breathe in his own composing-room, can laugh. "Oh, no, there wasn't anything small about the strike I was in," I murmured. "Thirteen of us held up the greatest Empire that has been and suspended the conquest of half a continent. We stopped the march of Empire for two hours. Then we let it march on. The Mahdi and other prophets in the same line of business might be careering energetically around the northern half of Africa to this day if, after we had taken the British lion by the throat and talked business to him, he had not recognized that the noble thirteen aforesaid had him where the hair was shortest. How did we do it? Just the same old way you fellows do. Looking round for the best of it, we waited our chance and patriotically gave it to Old England in the pocket-book. It was away back in eighty-four, at the time of the Gordon relief expedition up the Nile. One night during a pause in the game of draw-poker that three or four Canadian voyageurs in the employ of the British Government were engaged in to while away the long Egyptian night and any superfluous coin that any British soldier in the neighborhood might be possessed of, Jack Doyle remarked, 'Anybody know what day of the week this is?' There was no answer, and the rest of us went on industriously hunting for the three aces, two kings and a jack that a count of the cards had shown to be missing from the pack. 'It's either Friday, Saturday or Sunday,' he said, reflectively, 'I'm not dead sure which.' 'It's Sunday—one o'clock Sunday morning,' said an orderly sergeant of a Highland regiment whose strong point was reports and figures, and who had received sufficient instruction in the great American game of poker to be thrown into a brown calculation by the fact that he had been indiscreetly drawing for aces, kings and jacks that were noticeably by their absence for three solid hours without success. 'Sunday!' ejaculated Doyle fervently. He had been holding remarkably good hands for the last hour and the disappearance of the important cards didn't seem to cause him the same intense anxiety that it did the rest of us. 'Say, mates, have we been working right along on Sunday?' We weren't quite sure, but that is how the strike began, and those aces, kings, queens and jacks are as yet undiscovered. Sixty Canadians had volunteered to re-enlist, and we thirteen were en route to join General Earle's river

column, about to move up the river through the unknown cataracts beyond Korti and support Stewart's flying desert column that was ready to make the dash on Khartoum. The services of the Canadian boatmen were essential to the successful progress of the river column, and we knew it, and so Mr. Doyle suggested that it would be a good idea for us to wait upon Colonel Grenfell—afterwards Sir Francis Grenfell, Sirdar of Egypt—the commandant of Ambigal, where we were, and inform him that Sunday labor was contrary to the religious principles of Canadian shantymen and that there were usually four Sundays in a calendar month, and that the said Sunday-observing, poker-playing Canadian boatmen desired extra pay for past and future Sunday work, as they had been hired by the month in a civilian capacity, and the said thirteen Canadian rivermen would also like to know forthwith what the British Empire was going to do about it. As for the thirteen rivermen, we had been scattered along the river and had had no opportunity to sign the contract of re-engagement and were free to demand transport back to the place of engagement under the original contract. As spokesman of the noble thirteen, I laid the little matter before the astonished Colonel Grenfell while the boats, filled with soldiers, awaited our guiding hands on the shore of the historic river. Colonel Grenfell's aristocratic face became elongated as in a short but telling address I laid the wrongs of the thirteen civilian workingmen before him.

"Do you mean to tell me," said Colonel Grenfell, with angry laughter in his voice, "that when you engaged you believed that this expedition, or any warlike expedition, tied up for Sundays? I managed to say that although we were aware that the battle of Waterloo was fought on a Sunday we were not soldiers, but civilians who never by any chance worked over twenty-six days in the month, if we did that, and might have continued with an eloquent dissertation on the advisability of the observance of Sunday by a Christian people unless additional pay were given, but Colonel Grenfell's face was not encouraging, and Jack Doyle made the speech that told. The long, gaunt, Irish-Canadian shantymen turned the quid in his mouth reflectively and looked straight into the face of the half-amused, half-enraged British officer threatened with an annoying piece of business of paramount importance in the relief of Khartoum, and then leaning confidentially over the orderly-room table, he closed one eye and drawled out, 'I guess, Colonel, the British Empire can stand a little jolt like this at this stage of the game.' It could, and the future Sirdar of Egypt made the only joke perpetrated by a British officer in the last quarter of a century—he hoped that the Canadian rivermen would not strike for bank holidays."

And yet that union man said I had never been in an effective strike.

CHARLES LEWIS SHAW.



"Old Sir Richard caught at last."

When Greek Meets Greek.

SHE was fair, and soft, and dimpled still—but her best days were over; the fact was undeniable. Her dear friends gushed girlishly over her charms—to her face; behind her back—well, that was another thing. In spite of having been the reigning belle for half a dozen seasons, and of having been engaged just as many times, she still remained unappropriated. The engagements had always died an untimely death; all except this last one, which, as far as present indications went, bid fair to end happily.

Nevertheless, things were dragging. When the date of the wedding-day was discussed, the lover pleaded different excuses for delay.

Little lines of care were making their appearance on Clara's soft, pink and white face. Yes, her beauty was on the wane, and Grenville's love seemed following suit.

She was wearing her last and most prized of betrothal rings. He had vowed that, like Mary of Argyle, "he loved her for her beauty, but not for that alone," and she had believed him. His words rang honest and true. "It would be a real calamity both to her heart and to her pride if he, like the others, slipped through her fingers."

It was all very trying, for beneath Clara's apparently frivolous nature there beat a warm and affectionate heart. And she really loved Grenville dearly. Grenville the irresistible, the society man and professional lady-killer; but beneath whose also apparently frivolous nature there existed a heart! He had been the hero of many engagements, as she had been the heroine.

After his proposal, and subsequent bestowal of a lovely turquoise ring, things went smoothly for a time. Then came "the little rift within the lute." Vague rumors reached him regarding his fair fiancée's "affairs" of yore, and doubts as to her sincerity assailed him. He began to "cool off," and Clara to show lines of worry and, alas! age.

A few weeks passed, then Grenville, forgetful of his own shortcomings and of the many hearts he had left wilting behind him, grew suspicious and merciless. He determined

to bring his love-making to a full stop, solacing himself with the thought that he was really only considerably making way for another aspirant.

A day or two later Clara was wroth exceedingly, over a curt note. "He thought it better that all should be at an end between them," and he "should prefer her returning him his ring." This last had seemed rather brutal to him when he wrote it, but he thought it within the limits of possibility he might ere long bestow it on one more worthy. He swore a little (under his breath) when he remembered what that same ring had cost him.

Clara replied briefly. "She released him from his engagement, but refused to send back the turquoise ring."

Strange to tell, Grenville, usually rather weak and vacillating, seemed to become extremely stubborn and determined over the matter. Besides, he knew a dozen girls who would simply jump at him—girls guiltless of any former "affairs"—and—the ring would be useful. He must call and politely but firmly demand the return of this expensive bauble.

He did so—and was politely and firmly refused. For, strange to say, Clara, also usually rather soft and vacillating, was extremely determined over this matter. She insisted upon keeping the jewel, as—as a memento, a souvenir, of a happy, happy summer at Muskoka.

Again he earnestly insisted, and again she refused. And when he noted the cold, unyielding look on that soft, dimpled face, he saw further argument was useless. Here was no silly, weak creature, but a woman—a woman of character, and he admired people of that kind.

That look of cool decision suited her. She really was awfully attractive and pretty. He never noticed how long and dark her eyelashes were before. And her hair, with that pink light falling on it!

So he turned to her and said gently, "As you refuse to return my ring, and as I am equally determined to regain it, I'm afraid I shall have to marry you. What do you think about it?"

"I think it is the best thing you can do," whispered Clara.

And so he did. And they lived happily ever after.

JEINA.

Vitality of Men and Women.

LYMONDS of New York has recently made a study of the statistics obtained by life insurance companies.

He confirms Farr's statement that women have a greater expectation of life at every age than men. During the first year female mortality is decidedly less than the male. Although more boys are born than girls, the great mortality among them reduces the proportionate number to a balance in favor of the females. When he is five years old a boy goes more out-of-doors. The girl in the meantime is kept in the house and her mortality begins to rise and for a time passes that of the boy. The ten years between forty-five and fifty-five is commonly regarded as a critical period for women. The actual increase in mortality, however, is not more than in previous years. On the other hand, the male mortality rises rapidly during this period. Between fifty-five and sixty the female mortality increases, but after this age the two rates run along in parallel lines, the female being always less than the male. Insurance tables also show that the largest number of deaths in men occur between the fortieth and fiftieth years of life; the next largest number between the fiftieth and sixtieth years. The large mortality rate at this period of life is the logical result of twenty-five years of fierce struggle for position, wealth or power. The over-strenuous life, untempered by reason, cannot continue.

The diseases that have been brought most completely under control by improved treatment and sanitary measures are not those of middle life, unfortunately for the individual who has reached that age. Medical science has done much to make life safe up to the age of twenty. Mortality during the first five years is always high, but has been greatly lowered. During the second five years it suddenly diminishes. From ten to fifteen it is lower than at any other period of life. From fifteen to twenty it is but little higher. At twenty, however, the individual must begin the race with disease. At first he may meet with typhoid fever, tuberculosis, pneumonia, acute rheumatism, dyspepsia and appendicitis. At forty-five he enters upon the period of greater tendency to heart disease, kidney disease, cancer, diabetes, alcoholism, digestive diseases, chronic rheumatism and gout. A little later he enters the period of arterial diseases, apoplexy and certain degenerative changes. He is constantly subject to the more destructive forces utilized by modern civilization.

Through Foreign Spectacles.

One sometimes gets an odd distortion of familiar things through borrowed spectacles. This, for example, is how "Town Topics" of New York views certain Canadian affairs:

"This is Lord Minto's last year as Governor-General of Canada. His overbearing and cynical manner has not brought him many friends, but his diplomatic reserve will prevent him leaving many enemies. Lady Minto, by her tact and sweetness, has many times caused questionable actions to bear an honorable appearance. The straight-faced English Canadians cannot find fault with the outward appearance of the Rideau Hall establishment, whatever suspicions there are that only the letter of the law is kept. Lord Aberdeen was a Presbyterian. That his devotions might be taken with comfort, a chapel was built at his own expense at Rideau Hall. The good church people were scandalized when, under the present regime, it was turned into a storeroom for the bicycles of the vice-Regal family and staff."

The Articulate One.

Thousands of people go to and fro in the wilderness of bricks and mortar, earning mean wages, professing a mean religion, wearing a mean attire, thousands of women who have never found any expression for their exaltation or their tragedy but to go on working harder and yet harder at dull and automatic employments, at scolding children, or stitching shirts. But out of all these silent ones, one suddenly becomes articulate.



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The wonderfully skillful surgeon of Vienna to whom J. Ogden Armour of Chicago is said to have paid \$100,000 for curing his child of congenital dislocation of the hip. Dr. Lorenz has treated hundreds of poor children in the hospitals of United States cities free of charge.

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Anecdotal.

A youthful member of Parliament was once advised by a bibulous member of one of his audiences to "go home to his mother." "I think," the young candidate said, "my friend might follow his own advice with advantage, for he does not seem to have outgrown his affection for the bottle."

A student at Oberlin College one day asked the president "if he could not advantageously take a shorter course than that prescribed in the curriculum." "Oh, yes," was the reply; "that depends on what you want to make of yourself. When God wants to make an oak, He takes a hundred years; but when He wants to make a squash, He takes but six months."

It is said that W. S. Gilbert was meant for the bar, and his father was reluctant to see him turning in other directions. "If you would only stick to it," said the elder Gilbert, you might become Lord Chancellor." "So I might," answered the author of the "Pinafore" to be, "and if I stick to the theaters I may become Sheridan. One's as likely as the other, and of the two I prefer Sheridan." That was a preference lucky for the lovers of the stage.

The house in Portland, Maine, where Longfellow was born is now a tenement in the poorer part of the city, mostly inhabited by Irish. A correspondent writes that a few years ago a teacher in Portland was giving a lesson on the life of the poet. At the end of the hour she began to question her class. "Where was Longfellow born?" she asked. A small boy waved his hand vigorously. When the teacher called on him his answer did not seem to astonish the rest of the class, but was a cold shock to her. "In Patsy Magee's bedroom," he said.

A good example of the witty answer that turns away wrath was furnished by the Abbe de Voisenon, who had been unfortunate enough to offend the great Conde and to lose his favor. When the Abbe went to court to make his peace with the offended prince, the latter rudely turned his back on him. "Thank Heaven, sir," the Abbe exclaimed, "I have been misinformed; your highness does not treat me as if I were an enemy?" "Why do you say that?" the prince demanded. "Because, sir," answered the Abbe, "your highness never turns your back on an enemy."

In the "Critic" is a letter from Mrs. Elizabeth Chalmers Martin relating the following story: "When my father-in-law, Mr. Robert Martin of Glasgow, was a

lad he stood one day watching some builders, I forget where, in Scotland, but probably near Abbotsford. Suddenly a lame man walked up to the workmen, bareheaded, and with a pen behind his ear. He took hold of a pail, and, turning it over quickly, said, 'What am I doing with this pail?' 'Whamblin' it over,' one of them replied. 'Thank you! thank you, my man; that's the very word I've been trying to get all morning'—and Sir Walter Scott, for it was no less, went home to continue his story."

In some country districts of Ireland it is not unusual to see the owners' names simply chalked on carts and other vehicles, in order to comply with legal regulations. It is related that a policeman once accosted a countryman whose name had been wiped out unknown to him, by a mischievous boy. "Is this cart yours, my good man?" "Ay, coarse it is," was the reply; "do you see anything the matter with it?" "I observe," said the pompous policeman, "that yer name is obliterated." "Then ye're wrong," quoth the countryman, who had never come across the long dictionary word before, "for me name's O'Reilly, an' I don't care who knows it!"

In his most slumberous moments Trollope retained a certain good-natured, grumbling, perverse argumentativeness, thoroughly characteristic of the man. He had just returned from South Africa, and was talking one night to the late Lord Carnarvon, Lord Derby, Froude the historian, Lord Wolseley, and one or two others equally famous, on the future of that country. In the midst of the discussion Trollope fell asleep; and after a quarter of an hour's doze he awoke, shaking himself together like the faithful, growing Newfoundland dog he so much resembled. Dissatisfied even in his unconsciousness, he spluttered forth, "I utterly disagree with every one of you. What is it you say?"

An old Scotchwoman had imbibed so thoroughly the ancient doctrine that music in the church was sinful that when she came to this country she refused to fall in with the general sentiment in favor of choir-singing. One day in church the choir was singing a very elaborate anthem which was new to her. She scowled, and turning to her neighbor, complained of the evil of modern ways which permit a new-fangled piece of contrabass music in the sacred walls of a church. "But," protested her neighbor, "that anthem is very old and very sacred. Why, David sang it before Saul!" "Weel, weel," answered the old lady, "I understand now why Saul threw a javelin at David when he lad sang for him!"

An amusing anecdote is told of how Zola met the Pope during his visit to Rome, in 1894, when he was writing his work on the Eternal City. He stayed for only three weeks, but he went everywhere, and took copious notes of all that he saw—everywhere, even to the Quirinal, where, on the afternoon of December 1, he held a long conversation with King Umberto and Queen Margherita. Considerable pressure was brought to bear upon the Holy Father to grant him an audience, but all to no purpose. "I will not receive an enemy of the Church," said the aged Leo. Zola, however, nothing daunted, disguised as a pelerin from Metz, managed to solicit the services of one of the Papal guards, and, by him, was introduced into the Vatican; he wandered through the gardens, and even inspected the private apartments of the Pope, with whom he was enabled to exchange a few words.

Librarians have odd experiences in dealing with people who think they know more than they do. Recently a very self-satisfied woman swept up to the desk, and said she wanted "Kip." The attendant looked bewildered. "Kip?" she repeated. "Kip? Kip? Well, I should think you'd have at least heard of one of the leading novels of the year!" "Oh!" said the librarian, suddenly enlightened. "Perhaps you mean 'Kim' by Rudyard Kipling?" "I mean 'Kip' by the author of 'The Three Musketeers,'" said the woman, firmly. "Kipling didn't write 'The Three Musketeers,'" explained the official, patiently, "but he wrote 'Soldiers Three,' and—" "I guess that's near enough," she interrupted. "And 'Kip' by Kipling sounds likely. I suppose it's an autobiography, and he took half his own name as a kind of hint to the reader. Give me 'Kip.'" The attendant believed that "Kim" was "near enough," and gave it to her without further discussion. When she returned it a week later, she asserted that she had liked "the part about himself" best, but that the book was rather tiresome, and she thought it a pity to mix an autobiography and a story, anyway.

After Twenty Years

Jackson Johnson, of Norham, Ont., Finds Relief from Dyspepsia and Chronic Diarrhoea in Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets.

When a man has suffered for twenty years with Dyspepsia. When he has tried doctors and medicines to no avail. When to add to his other ailments, chronic Diarrhoea has developed, and when at last that man finds relief from his complication of troubles in Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets, it is surely time to admit that Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets are the one sure cure for Dyspepsia.

Such was the experience of Jackson Johnson of Norham, Ont. Here's what he writes regarding it.

"My case was an exceptional one of Chronic Dyspepsia. I had been doctoring for it for nearly twenty years, in which time I spent a large amount with doctors and for medicines. Two years ago I was taken with Diarrhoea, which became chronic, and I became so weak I was confined to my bed.

"A person who had used Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets induced me to try them. I have taken seventeen boxes up to the time of writing, and have steadily improved. I am prompted to write by a desire to induce others to give a trial to Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets, which I claim have been instrumental in taking me from the brink of the grave and restoring me to comparative good health."

Caution.

"Willie, did you thank Mr. Speedway for taking you to drive?" said the mother of a small boy, solicitously. No answer. The question was repeated. Still no answer.

"Willie! Do you hear me? Did you thank Mr. Speedway for taking you to drive?"

"Yes," whispered Willie, "but he told me not to mention it!"—N. Y. "Life."



The Golden Days—A Suggestion re Domestic Servants—Whist Taken Seriously.

KIDDIE asks did I ever spend an October in the country? Dear Kiddie! one of the things I am thankfullest for is that, being an earth child, close to the heart of Mother Nature, I spent most of my young days with the trees and the flowers and the fruit, and learned first to love the little wild things and the river, with its flashing fish, and the swallow colonies on its banks, and the festooning wild grape-vines, and the glorious tints of autumn, and the nuts dropping and the dry leaves crackling underfoot, and, alas! sometimes, the farmer and the farmer's dog chasing Lady Gay and her chosen chum to the safe haven of a little skill wherein she and that other were safe from dogs and men. I never caught a fish nor stole a bird's nest, but watched always, with half unconscious love, the little growing, living things. And October, when the days were mellow and the sunshine extra yellow, and the birds had almost all gone south, and the queer, "drying" scent of the fading grasses and foliage was in the air. Ah! October comes back to me as does no other month, except, maybe, June in the moonlight. Did I ever spend an October in the country? Yea, verily, my kiddie, an' many of 'em.

It is not now the proper thing to discuss one's menage and its trials in society. A woman tells me that golf and riding and all the outdoor movement had had so healthy an influence on the leisure classes that domestic problems no longer get the same wearing hold on their nerves as formerly. If this be true, the leisure classes must be much more agreeable company than when they discussed the domestic servant and her capacity or incapacity. Even I, who know no more of golf than to pay my subscription to a club (and I'm not even doing that much golfing this season), would rather hear the bright talk of putters and lofters and bunkers and prizes and golf luncheons than about the vagaries of "Mary, Mary, quite contrary." A man or a woman who signs "Wascana" as a nom de plume has written a lurid and interesting letter to this paper, suggesting a remedy for the present sad state of affairs between mistress and maid. In the next paragraph you hear his or her views.

"First let me say I am strongly of opinion that our girls should be educated at home to consider household duties honorable as such, and that a knowledge thereof is absolutely necessary for them to make good wives. It would also be well for them, in my judgment, to clearly understand they are standing in their own light by, and obviously prejudicing their own interests in, usurping the positions in stores and offices which their brothers should occupy. Next, we need to raise the tone of the service itself to its proper level and true dignity. To do this I suggest the instituting of an 'Alexandria Order of Domestic Help,' convinced it would prove a good thing for Canada, and have tangible reason to believe, when once started, it would be warmly taken up by many influential ladies. It should, however, I submit, be distinctly understood that all girls of good character would be eligible for membership, according to rules and regulations, to be framed, and that neither means nor influence should necessarily count as an open sesame for entrance. Lassies from all parts of the Province and Dominion could come and reside in a suitable building (small at first) for a stated period, and then receive a diploma according to merit, which certificate should be a sufficient warrant of their capability as cook or housemaid, etc.

"I will not attempt details, but submit the holding of such recommendation should, and I believe would, ensure the girl the confidence and respect of her employer, the same now accorded to our trained nurses, and this granted, together with fair wages, comfortable bedroom, and reasonable privileges, will induce, I feel certain, hundreds of Canadian and British girls to render efficient, cheerful service, knowing at the same time they are training themselves for their spheres in life each honorable girl rightly looks forward to, and thus I believe we should make a definite step towards solving this great problem.

"The above is somewhat crude possibly, but I must be as terse as possible."

The various card clubs, poker, bridge, euchre in its various dire forms, and cribbage, are formed, or forming, for the winter's play. There has a flat gone forth from the arbiters of our fashions (probably some reporter in want of a paragraph of copy) that whist is once more to be a winter's serious fad. In view of this, I hear another whist class is being formed by a lady who is the champion player of the Toronto Whist Club, a lot of serious players, who

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In walking, you will notice that as you place each foot on the ground and the weight of the body swings forward upon it, there is a slipping forward of that foot inside the shoe.

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Now it is this continual slipping forward of the foot which makes walking so tiresome. It drives the toes into a wedge, crowding them together and causing corns. The "Dorothy Dodd" shoes are made in such a way that the foot cannot slip forward and that is why they are so comfortable. As the foot does not slip forward, a smaller size shoe can often be worn. "Dorothy Dodd" shoe has a totally different construction from every other ladies' shoe made.

The Price is \$3.75 pair.

PRIZES amounting to Four Thousand Dollars will be given to the forty-three women giving the best reasons why the "Dorothy Dodd" Shoe is superior to every shoe in the following respects:

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4. The arch-supporting feature of a "Dorothy Dodd." (This arch-supporting feature relieves half the weariness of walking.)
5. Flexibility of a "Dorothy Dodd."

FIRST PRIZE—\$1,000

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4th—400 00	11th—60 00	18th—15 00	25th—10 00	32nd—5 00	39th—5 00
5th—300 00	12th—50 00	19th—10 00	26th—10 00	33rd—5 00	40th—5 00
6th—200 00	13th—40 00	20th—10 00	27th—10 00	34th—5 00	41st—5 00
7th—150 00	14th—35 00	21st—10 00	28th—10 00	35th—5 00	42nd—5 00
8th—100 00	15th—30 00	22nd—10 00	29th—5 00	36th—5 00	43rd—5 00

To insure that the writer's reasons are based on actual experience, it will be necessary, before writing, to purchase a pair of "Dorothy Dodd" Shoes and receive a "Competition Blank."

Do not feel obliged to mention every point of excellence, but state your own experience. Competition open from September 1 to December 1, 1902. THE DELINEATOR will judge and award the prizes December 25.

The first three winning articles, with the names and addresses of all the winning competitors, will appear in the February DELINEATOR. Articles must be limited to 200 words.

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would probably take a good deal of beating. Personally, I have that respectful regard for whist among games which is reserved for very worthy and prized things. There is no game which appeals to me as does the cosy table of well-seasoned players, round about whose concentrated wisdom and finesse I used respectfully to circle in an orbit with interest. And there was never an hour fuller of the modest sense of merit than that when, in the absence unforeseen of one of those wise heads, I was tolerantly permitted to take a hand, as one degree less objectionable than a dummy, and aided by my doubtfully appearing partner and a capricious round of cards, to scoop in tricks from a wrathful couple in a number calculated to imperil their season's score.

LADY GAY.

Flirting.

THE dictionary offers several definitions of the verb "to flirt," as descriptive of the chief amusement of women. One is "to be perpetually running about; it is not a very elegant definition, but it will serve. In one sense or another, the flirt is perpetually running about. Her pretty feet may be still, but her eyes, her hands, or her lips are not. And as for her thoughts, why she herself can hardly follow them, so quickly do they leap from Reginald to Arthur, from Arthur to George, and from George back to Reginald. Even in her dreams she is out on active service, conquering with smiles, slaying with frowns, and burying with scorn.

It is good to know a flirt of parts. You may suffer sometimes, but, if you are possessed of a little philosophy, a little of the spirit of adventure, and a little of that of self-sacrifice, there are delightful compensations. Will she give me three dances, two, or none at all? Will she go to the picnic with me or with him? Did she sing that song because it was the one I said I liked? The compensations are not simply in the favorable answers to the questions, but in the very questions themselves. You love her both for the dangers you have passed, and for those you hope to pass.

What a wealth of talent, even of genius, is devoted to the art of flirting! What original conceptions and brilliant successes in it might be told to the world! Might be; but are not. The triumphs in other arts are proclaimed in every market-place. Those in the art of flirting are merely whispered in two or three parlors. It is a pity; for they

also are worthy of general rejoicing and admiration.

You, reader, have your own experiences. One morning, let us suppose, you call on a flirt with whom you are privileged to be acquainted. You meet her at a dance on the previous evening. She was kinder to you than usual. The flowers she wore were some you had sent her. In short, it was a happy evening. How does she receive you now? Coldly, distantly. You try to begin where you left off at the dance, but she insists on talking about the weather and other impersonal subjects. The minutes pass slowly and dully. At last you rise to go. As you do so, she directs your attention to a large jar on the sideboard. "It is a sort of funeral urn," she says, "full of memorials of the past."

You lift the lid and see a heap of dead roses and lilies. "I always keep the flowers fellows give me," she explains; "directly they fade, I drop them in here." You wince at the thought of the bouquet you selected so carefully mouldering with a dozen more in this common grave. With a forced laugh, you mention the thought. Her eyes sparkle. "Your flowers," she says reproachfully, "do not go with those of the other fellows. See, there is a second jar which I reserve for you." You look. There is, indeed, a second jar; and your bouquet, indeed, lies in it.

If that, or anything like it, be one of your experiences, you have reason to be glad. An artist has planned and wrought for you alone. The two jars, the flowers, and the speeches were all prepared in anticipation of your call. Be grateful. Admire the artist, and let her perceive the admiration. This is the least, and the most, that you can do.

Is it love of power, desire for change, or original sin, that makes a woman flirt? Or is there such a thing as the Quest of the Golden Youth? It does not matter. Some emotions occasionally far outweigh a moral. If the woman flirts well, that is sufficient. As has been said, you may suffer sometimes, but there are delightful compensations. To know her is, if not of itself a liberal education, at any rate an assistance to one.—Edgar Turner in "To-day."

Love's Prisoner.

He who flirts and runs away
Will live to flirt another day.
But he who flirts and stands his ground
Will all too soon be gagged and bound.
—"Life."

Speaking in Parables.

Phrases and figures of speech often tell much of one's early life and environment. Such illustrations as arise spontaneously to a man's mind in conversation are usually those derived from familiar scenes or favorite books.

Secretary Shaw, a Vermont Yankee, who has passed most of his life in the Mississippi Valley, often surprises his Washington callers by the terse, everyday phrases, and even homely illustra-

tions, in which he sets forth his attitude on great questions of public policy. Not long ago a delegation of influential men were trying to persuade him to do something to which he was plainly disinclined. To their elaborate technical arguments he replied:

"Gentlemen, I expect to get into more or less hot water while I am in this office, but you must excuse me from stepping into a bucket from which I can see the steam rising."

When asked by reporters on another occasion why he was unwilling to give publicity to some views which he had just advanced, Mr. Shaw replied:

"Don't you know that when you spank your baby in public you give it a good deal worse reputation than it deserves?"

One of his casual admonitions which has been somewhat quoted, is:

"Don't drop your monkey-wrench into the cylinder just when the threshing-machine is going to start."

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"Papa, why do you call mamma the automobile?"
"Because she's always running somebody down."
—"Life."

Saved by a Match Box.

JAMES B. HOLMES of Pasadena, Cal., was chatting with a hunting guide up among the Coast Range Mountains, in Kern County, in San Joaquin Valley, California. As they talked they heard a crackling of twigs behind them. "I believe it's deer," said Mr. Holmes. The guide said "no." A moment later the crackling became louder. Both men then thought surely deer were coming down the mountain side, and they leaped to their feet.

"They're deer, sure; look out," said Holmes softly.

Both men stepped aside and waited. Mr. Holmes had a rifle in his hands, and he and the guide stood watching the thicket above them, whence the crackling sound came. As they looked, the gray nose of a grizzly was protruded through the foliage, and Mr. Holmes and the guide stepped backward while they caught their breaths. Mr. Holmes is a crack shot, but he had never had experience with grizzlies. The nose of the bear made a fine mark, and Mr. Holmes raised his rifle to blaze away. He was about twenty yards from the bear. Just as he was going to fire there was more crackling of brush, and two other and larger grizzlies thrust their heads through the thicket toward the men. The guide turned pale.

"For heaven's sake, don't shoot," he called. Mr. Holmes lowered his rifle. "Run for the hill! Run for your life!" yelled the guide.

Mr. Holmes heard him yell "run!" but did not catch the instructions to go for the hill. Near the crest of the hill was a clump of trees, and Mr. Holmes made a rush for them with the idea that he might find a hiding place or some place of shelter. The bears gave vent to frightful howlings and went bounding over stones and chaparral after Mr. Holmes. He afterwards said it was the most awful moment of his life. He stretched every nerve and exerted every muscle. The howlings of the three grizzlies close behind told him there was one chance in a million for him to escape alive.

The bull grizzly bear was nearest. Just as Mr. Holmes felt the hot breath of this beast upon his hands, he resolved to do something desperate. He wheeled around quickly. The grizzly towered above him. He made a last effort to get his gun in position and fired. At that moment he was knocked down. The bull bear buried his teeth in his right leg just below the hip, tearing open the flesh. The pain was well-nigh killing. The female came up and made a vicious snap at his ribs, but only succeeded in grabbing his coat and driving her teeth through the cloth and through a pasteboard match box, igniting the matches.

The female gave an angry roar, shook her head and snarled at Mr. Holmes' face, and he gave his head a feeble jerk. It was just in time. He heard the teeth snap in his face with a sound like that of closing a steel trap.

Mr. Holmes swooned. He was unconscious for three or four minutes, and then, slowly rising, reconnoitred the situation. He saw the bears with the cub trotting at their feet disappearing in the brush. Peeping over the brow of the hill he perceived the guide, pale and trembling. When he arose the guide sprang to his feet and rushed toward him, saying:

"Thank God, sir, you're alive. It's the narrowest squeeze I ever saw. The box of burning matches scared the bears off."

A Pretty Good World.

Pretty good world if you take it all around—
Pretty good world, good people!
Better be on than under the ground—
Pretty good world, good people!
Better be here where the skies are as blue
As the eyes of your sweetheart as a smile—
at you—
Better than 'lyn' 'neath daisies and dew—
Pretty good world, good people!
Pretty good world with its hopes and its fears—
Pretty good world, good people!
Sun twinkles through the rain of its tears—
Pretty good world, good people!
Better be here in the pathway you know—
Where the thorns in the garden where
sweet roses grow,
Than to rest where you feel not the fall
of the snow—
Pretty good world, good people!
Pretty good world! Let us sing it that
way—
Pretty good world, good people!
Make up your mind that you're in it to stay—
At least for a season, good people!
Pretty good world, with its dark and its bright—
Pretty good world, with its love and its light—
Sing it that way till you whisper, "Good-night!"
Pretty good world, good people!
—Frank L. Stanton.

Most Remarkable Strike on Record.

THAT the women of Persia are something more than the mere slaves of their lords and masters is evident from the following incident, related by Wilfred Sparrow in his entertaining volume, "Persian Children of the Royal Family." In the autumn of 1890, a complete monopoly of the purchase, sale and manufacture of native-grown tobacco was granted by the Shah, Nasir-ud-Din, to an English company, entitled the Imperial Tobacco Corporation of Persia, which was formed to work it. The concession was to hold good for a period of fifty years. So wholesale a bartering of a staple product regarded in Persia as a necessary of life, excited the fiercest opposition among the people, who took further alarm at the company's exercising the right of search in too reckless a fashion. The suggestion that the privacy of their homes was in danger of being violated sufficed to kindle the irresistible vitality of the race; and the whole country, headed by the women and the priests, went on strike. Mirza Hasan, the high priest, of the sacred city of Kerbelah, declared tobacco to be unlawful to the true followers of the prophet, and every man and every woman was forbidden either to smoke or to sell it. The priestly prohibition was obeyed; the women, ever to the fore in upholding the rights of the people to develop the resources of the country themselves, refused to allow their husbands to smoke in the harems; raids were made upon suspected tea-shops by vigilance men, who smashed every water-pipe they could lay their hands on; ministers of the crown were coerced by their wives to forswear the soothing weed; men and women took their walks abroad wearing the sullen and irritable look habitual to smokers who give up the habit too suddenly; even the Shah himself had no choice but to smoke on the sly, like a

schoolboy, so overruling was the whim of the ladies of his harem. The result of the strike, probably the most remarkable on record, was that the Shah, in January, 1892, weary of governing a nation of non-smokers, yielded to the popular demonstration by canceling the entire concession, promising pecuniary compensation for the rupture of contract—a promise which was faithfully fulfilled. Then the gurgling of the bubble-bubble was heard once more in the land, and the national face took on its customary expression of Oriental serenity. The honors of this victory belong to the gentler sex, for the priests could have achieved next to nothing without their whole-hearted co-operation.

Monkey Brand Soap removes all stains, rust, dirt or tarnish—but won't wash clothes.

Insured Against Specialists.

IN England people of moderate means are beginning to insure themselves against surgical operations. The plan is that subscribers who pay an annual fee shall be entitled either to free admittance to a hospital or nursing at home and a free operation or to a fixed sum paid down to defray the cost of an operation if one becomes necessary. In England, as here, the cost of surgical repairs to the human body has become oppressively great to persons who just manage to pay their way. People who are obviously poor get a great deal of excellent surgical and medical treatment in hospitals and elsewhere for nothing, but for the next class above them a serious illness—especially if it involves an operation—is almost ruinous. It would seem as if the time was near when societies for insurance against specialists might be profitably organized in the larger American cities. The specialists has come to be a very important—indeed, an indispensable—institution, especially to families in which there are children. The office of the family doctor has now become simplified to the task of coming in and telling the patient which specialist to go to. It is not that specialists charge too much, for their honorable services are above price. It is that landlord, butcher, baker, grocer, milkman, coalman, dentist and trained nurse do not leave you money enough to pay them appropriately. To subscribe a considerable sum annually and have all the repairs and desirable improvements made in one's family without further disbursement would be a comparatively simple way out of a troublesome predicament.—"Harper's Weekly."

A Test Experiment.

Peculiar Power Possessed by a New Medicine.

Of new discoveries there is no end, but one of the most recent, most remarkable and one which will prove invaluable to thousands of people is a discovery which it is believed will take the place of all other remedies for the cure of those common and obstinate diseases, dyspepsia and stomach troubles. This discovery is not a loudly advertised, secret patent medicine, but is a scientific combination of wholesome, perfectly harmless vegetable essences, fruit salts, pure pepsin and bismuth.



These remedies are combined in lozenge form, pleasant to take, and will preserve their good qualities indefinitely, whereas all liquid medicines rapidly lose whatever good qualities they may have had as soon as uncorked and exposed to the air.

This preparation is called Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets, and it is claimed that one of these tablets or lozenges will digest from 300 to 3,000 times its own weight of meat, eggs and other wholesome food. And this claim has been proven by actual experiments in the following manner: A hard-boiled egg cut into small pieces was placed in a bottle containing warm water heated to ninety-eight degrees (or blood heat), one of these Tablets was then placed in the bottle and the proper temperature maintained for three hours and a half, at the end of which time the egg was as completely digested as it would have been in a healthy stomach. This experiment was undertaken to demonstrate that what is in the stomach, hence its unquestionable value in the cure of dyspepsia and weak digestion. Very few people are free from some form of indigestion, but scarcely two will have the same symptoms. Some will suffer most from distress after eating, bloating from gas in the stomach and bowels, others have acid dyspepsia or heartburn, others palpitation or headaches, sleeplessness, pains in chest and under shoulder-blades, extreme nervousness as in nervous dyspepsia, but they all have same cause, failure to properly digest what is eaten. The stomach must have rest and assistance, and Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets give it both, by digesting the food for it and in a short time it is restored to its normal action and vigor. At same time the Tablets are so harmless that a child can take them with benefit. This new preparation has already made many astonishing cures, as for instance, the following:

After using only one package of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets I have received such great and unexpected benefit that I wish to express my sincere gratitude. In fact, it has been six months since I took the package, and I have not had one particle of distress or difficulty since. And all this in the face of the fact that the best doctors I consulted told me my case was Chronic Dyspepsia and absolutely incurable as I had suffered twenty-five years. I distributed half a dozen packages among my friends here, who are very anxious to try this remedy.

MRS. SARAH A. SKEELS.

Lynnville, Jasper Co., Mo.

Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets are sold by druggists everywhere at 50 cents for full-size packages.



The above Coupon must accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following Rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the Editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by Coupons are not studied.

Elizabeth.—There is a great deal of sympathy, some sense of humor, and a cheerful, optimistic nature shown in this study. Writer has taste, tact, self-respect and grace of thought and expression, with innate refinement and logical ideas. Think some sentiment, strong affection and a leaning to emotion are also suggested, but the mind is healthy and practical. I think reticence might be cultivated and the suppression of undue impulse also. Though not a dominant, it is an attractive study. 2. If you wish any help at any time, and I can aid you, I shall be very glad to do so.

Ontario.—This is a very conventional and self-conscious study, rather studied and not always exactly reliable as to sincerity. There is ambition and a fire in it, emphatic opinions and rather pleasant temper, but liable to go cranky if crossed or misunderstood. Writer could be a warm lover and a bad hater is generally reasonable, logical, argumentative, persistent and self-reliant. 2. December 2nd, 1892. You are a good, honest, corn, the goat, an Earth sign, particular as to detail and having strong convictions, loving to lead and able for responsibility. Able lawyers are found under this influence, and sound, conservative statesmen also. No brilliancy or research in things occult or spiritual should be expected.

Kiddle.—Your question is answered elsewhere. Your birth-month is under the great water sign, Scorpio, and you should be rather a well-developed specimen, with much critical experience. Your study, indeed, has more promise than performance, but I am sure your own de plume is an appropriate one. There is saving touch of humor, good method, love of order and neatness, clearness, cheerfulness, concentration, sympathy and some discretion. You are frank, direct and of good expression.

Inquire.—"Vedanta" is the name of the most ancient system of philosophy in India. The word itself means literally "end of all wisdom." It declares that "revelation is the disclosure of the Divine Spirit in the individual soul, being ever from within and not from without." If you will just study on that a bit, I'll be glad. You can get a list of books on Vedanta from the Vedanta Publishing Co., 102 E. 5th Street, New York, and select what you wish to order from it. I should like to hear how you get on, later.

Chester.—What makes you so sure I went over to the Coronation? "Cause I didn't, so there. July 10th brings you under Cancer, a warm sign, and the crab's devious mindedness and erratic mode of progress is exactly reproduced in your writing. Now, I'll leave it to you to make or not make of it. They did not accumulate much, as you will remark. It's wonderful how quickly they seemed to tumble to the state of affairs. 2. Your study is light, observant, and somewhat thetic, and you dearly love to have your good points recognized. I think you have fair taste and love the beautiful, and independent of the common, and frank in expression. There is tremendous capacity for affection when fairly awakened, practical but not dominating purpose, some impudence, perhaps merely intense nervous energy, some timidity, care for detail, and an interesting, if sometimes uncertain, personality.

Nanaimo.—There is very little individuality in this study, being glad to follow the line, it is under additional disadvantage. From the envelope I gather an impression of exactness in judgment and evenness in temperament, but a speculative ambition, not apt to amount to much. Those trying trifling finals are a confession of lack of aim and general weakness. While there is no major fault, there is also no particular trait to which I can do homage.

Critic.—"When doctors disagree," my dear fellow, one who isn't a doctor, not even a quack, can't be right and says nothing. The excellence you mention may be evident to you and not to others. 2. Your writing shows high-strung, sensitive, and perhaps unbalanced, feelings. You are apt to fly to bits over a very small matter. See how you distribute your ink—just so unreasonably and recklessly as your impulses. Especially, I notice imagination, idealism, and a touch of temper; likewise affection and great ambitions.

Annie Laurie.—"It just seems as if there was something inside of me that makes me contrary and all the time I know I shouldn't"—oh, clear and convincing. A. L. And yet I perfectly understand you and would hate to be pitted against you. Well, I've had to take you into my heart, bad and unreasonable and willful as you are, for the "no quarrel" always has been a part of me. Dear lassie, I wonder if it would be any good asking you not to insult the divine in you by fretting your soul over men and their ways? You are a very good person in your own right, but what seems to me the very natural craving of a healthy nature for congenial and comprehending friends. You are the being I longed for, harmonious, but there's the good stuff for music in you, dear. Patience, peace. And you'll be better self, I wish you! And you'll be like it, I wish you!

Coyote.—No trespass, my frisky friend. You're just as good a right hand as I am. Your writing shows strength tempered with judgment, great enterprise, enthusiasm, and a few difficulties would be your inspiration, and there's a wholesome sentiment and a liking for those others, and when you take hold of a pen, you're generally a good deal of a rule with it to the finish. You'd like to rule, if the chance offered. There is sentiment, grace of thought, self-esteem, and a suggestion of self-seeking. It may easily be a very beautiful character if you develop outside interests and do your fine powers justice.

Flora.—There are absolutely tailless cats in the Isle of Man, my dear. The very first day I landed in Douglas, now three years and more ago, I saw a terrible chasing a kitten and two terriers. I don't love kittens, so, as the race was even, I stopped for the climax. The kitten whisked through a picket fence just as the whippersnapper's teeth snarled, and the cat should have waved, but there was no tail and puss was saved. I've seen a breed of tailless cats in Prince Edward Island about 1870. It's a true story. Maltese cats in Malta, all the same. 2. Your writing is only in the second stage of development, and it's so good that I'm thinking I'll ask you to let me grow more. I am glad you liked Lonely Valley. It's quite the loveliest place of its kind Lady Day ever saw.

Greta.—No, Nordea is not a foreigner. It is true that her first husband was lost on a balloon voyage, and for many years the beautiful and noble and glorious woman who was his wife, and who waited, and traveled immense distances on the chance of discovering some clue to his sad fate. Quite recently a faithful and devoted admirer persuaded her to marry him, and I believe they are perfectly happy. No more will I tell you about the matter. I do not know if the diva would see you or not. For you interest the person you mention she might. I have enclosed the other address in your stamp and addressed envelope and posted it to you. For this no remuneration is expected or desired.

The Discipline Broke Down.

MAHMOUD PASHA was a progressive Turk of the new school. He was sent to St. Petersburg on a special mission, where, owing to his good manners and childlike ingenuousness, he soon became popular in diplomatic circles. He caught eagerly at new ideas, and was always discussing the possibility of introducing reform into Turkey.

One day the Turk was at luncheon at the quarters of a Russian officer named Birnedoff. The conversation had turned on the splendid discipline to be found in every branch of the Russian service. Birnedoff suddenly rang a bell.

"I am going to show you how methodical my orderly is," said he to Mahmoud Pasha.

A trim-looking young officer entered the room, saluted, and waited. Birnedoff gave him a key and told him to go to his office and get a certain bunch of papers.

The man saluted and left the room. Birnedoff took out his watch. Keeping his eyes fixed on the dial, he said, "He is going down the stairs; he is in the street." And then, after a long pause, "He has reached the War Office; he is going upstairs; he has entered my room; he has the papers and has started to come back; he has reached the street." Another long pause: "He is down at the door; he is mounting the stairs; he is here." At this moment the door opened, and the orderly reappeared and placed the required parcel in his superior's hands.

The Turk returned home and at once began to institute reforms. A year or more passed, and the Russian officer Birnedoff was in his turn sent to Constantinople, and became the guest of Mahmoud Pasha.

"Count Birnedoff," said the Pasha, at an opportune moment, "I want to show you what I have accomplished in the way of discipline during the past year, thanks to your teaching. I want to prove to you that the Turk is as capable of methodical training as the Russian."

At the sound of a bell a liveried servant appeared. The Pasha spoke to him in Turkish. When the man had left the room the Pasha took his watch in hand, and said:

"Now he is going downstairs; he is in the street." A long pause: "He has reached the building where my office is; he is going upstairs; he is in my room; he has the papers; he is coming back."

At this moment the door opened suddenly and the heavy Kurd reappeared. "Effendi," said he, with a low salaam, "I can't find my shoes."

One More Cure in Carleton Co.

Postmaster Belyea Tries Dodd's Kidney Pills For Kidney Trouble.

And Now He Joins all the Others in Praising them—He Had suffered For Years and is Now Completely Cured.

Lower Windsor, Carleton County, N.B., Nov. 10.—(Special).—Carleton County people have long recognized Dodd's Kidney Pills as a sure cure for all forms of Kidney Disease, and as a consequence there is a marked decrease in the number of those suffering from Pain in the back, Lumbago, Rheumatism, Diabetes, Bright's Disease, and all those other ailments resulting from diseased Kidneys.

Still as each fresh cure is reported there is revived interest in the matter and there are more praises of Dodd's Kidney Pills. One of the latest cures reported is that of Postmaster T. H. Belyea of Lower Windsor, and he is spreading the good news.

"I had a very bad spell of Kidney Trouble," said the Postmaster, "which had bothered me for some years. I tried several kinds of plasters and medicines, but did not seem to get much lasting benefit. But hearing Dodd's Kidney Pills so highly recommended for Kidney Trouble, I thought I would try them."

"I received more benefit from Dodd's Kidney Pills than any other medicine I ever tried, for they seem to have made a complete cure, as I am as well as ever. I believe Dodd's Kidney Pills are the right medicine for Kidney Trouble."

Fighting Off Obesity.

THE Ebstein dietary for the obese, which has been largely adopted in Germany, goes on the homoeopathic principle of giving fat to destroy fat, on the theory that by consuming fat freely a sense of satiety is quickly produced and the patient is unable to take more than a small quantity of food. The inventor of the system maintained that fat taken into the stomach does not produce body-fat—an hypothesis by no means accepted by medical men generally.

Under this system, three meals a day are allowed. Breakfast consists of two ounces of toast, thickly plastered with butter. For dinner, soup made of beet marrow is given, followed by four ounces of fat meat, smothered with fat sauce. A small quantity of green vegetables may be added. Supper consists of an egg, followed by a little very fat meat, and an ounce of bread thickly covered with butter. After each meal a cup of tea, without milk or sugar, is given. It will be noticed that, notwithstanding the large proportion of fat, this is really a very restricted diet.

Bertel's system provides a dietary similar to that first described, though not quite so severe, and adds to it a considerable amount of hill-climbing—a form of exercise to which the corpulent are certainly not addicted.

The system invented by Germain See is that of Ebstein plus the consumption of vast quantities of fluid, hot tea being specially favored, on the ground that in this way the elimination of waste material is promoted. But life can hardly be worth living on a diet of fat, washed down with huge quantities of warm unsweetened tea! Most people would prefer to remain corpulent.

King Edward in Disguise.

The London "M. A. P." tells this story of King Edward:

Not so very long ago, when the King was Prince of Wales and he was better able than nowadays to gratify his tastes for the methods of the good Haroun-al-Raschid, he was taking a walk alone in St. James' Park before breakfast. He found himself followed by a well-dressed but crazy-looking old woman. He had seen and suffered from her before, so he ignored her sedulously and severely, and continued his stroll until he was obliged to turn homeward. Then the woman stood right before him and curtailed. The

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Prince raised his hat and tried to pass on. But in vain. "I have a grievance, your Royal Highness," began the stranger, drawing from her handbag a big, closely written parchment roll.

"Aeh, madam, there's not ze first time I have been taken for ze Prince of Wales," was the reply in a gruff voice, and with a fine natural German accent.

The old lady flashed a look of deepest scorn upon the Teutonic "double" of the King that was to be. Then she put away her precious documents and said loftily with the rather pitiful vanity of her class—the Miss Elites of real life: "I have the honor to know personally all the members of the royal family, and if my eyesight were not becoming so low nowadays I would never have made such an astonishing error as to have taken you for the Prince of Wales!"

Miss Innes of the Dressmaking School, College and Spadina, has reserved Monday evenings for showing styles and patterns. Ladies are invited to call and inspect.

Had Lost Track of the Case.

The young woman who, when asked if she had read Romeo and Juliet, replied that she had never read Juliet, but she thought Romeo was lovely, was of the same temperament as a village postmaster who knew or pretended to know something of all the doings of the world, great and small.

Some wags from a neighboring town who strolled into the post-office one day thought they would have some sport with the wise man.

"I suppose it's pretty dead up here, Mr. Pratt," said one.

"Well, not so dead as you think. I guess there ain't much goes on that we don't hear about, even if it don't happen right here."

"Why, you people don't know the war's over," said another, falling back on the stock phrase.

"Oh, you can't work that dodge on

me," replied the postmaster, looking shrewdly over his spectacles. "I guess I followed the negotiations with Kitchener in the papers."

"But there are some things that aren't in the papers," said another youth. "I don't believe you know when Shakespeare died."

"Well, no," said the postmaster. "I didn't know that he was dead, but I heard last week he was pretty low."

They Toasted Him.

A would-be poet recently remarked at his club: "I have written a great number of poems, but I do not propose to have them published until after my death." "Hurrah!" shouted a chorus of friends, raising their glasses, "here's long life to you, old man!"

Professor E. Masson of Victoria University has resumed his classes in French. Telephone, North 1648.



It will be reassuring to the musical community to know that the Treasury Department at Washington has decided that orchestra musicians are not "day laborers." A number of envious fiddlers in New York sought to have the Mascagni musicians arrested and deported under the terms of the alien contract labor law, but the Washington authorities have defined orchestral players as "artists," and therefore exempt from exclusion laws. Canadian players should now be able to accept engagements in the border town of the States during the summer vacation with confidence that they will not be deported.

Mr. Charles Harris has been hard at work in the West making the preliminary preparations for the series of Canadian music festivals to be held this year under the conductorship of Sir Alexander Mackenzie.

The Association of Church Chorus Singers of Germany, which embraces 1822 choirs, with a membership of 52,800, decided at a recent meeting at Hamm to arrange for occasional free concerts, at which the laboring classes will be offered something better than the dances and operatic selections usually heard at popular concerts.

The new English musical copyright act defines copyright as covering, among other things, the making of any new adaptation, arrangement or setting of a musical work or the melody thereof, in any notation or system. This definition should "knock out" the perforated roll arrangements for automatic players, unless the manufacturers are prepared to pay for the right of publication.

Dr. Horatio Parker, the American composer, is receiving some attention at present from the English press. His work, "St. Christopher," was performed at the recent Bristol festival, and the London "Times" gives it the following review: "The whole seems to be conceived operatically as if it were designed for Bayreuth, or some stage where religious subjects could be presented without offending pious susceptibilities. In the third act, with its abundance of church music and its likeness to 'Parsifal,' it is recognized as operatic in the higher sense, the first and second are even more distinctly operatic in character. The choral prologue, it is true, attempts to turn the hearer's thoughts to the serious aspects of the story, but the processional music of the opening scene, and still more the spirit in which the hunt is described, are purely operatic, and if the second act, in which Offertory gives himself into the power of Satan, would not be easy to arrange for the stage, it is none the less theatrically imagined. Musically, there are many numbers that are quite admirable, such as the rich and sonorous choral prologue, and the whole scene of the hunt, which for all its resemblance to other musical pictures of the chase, from Mehl to Wagner, has no little individuality. The composer has a rare degree of mastery over all the resources of the orchestra and the voices; his feeling for legitimate effect never errs; and it is probable that an opera from his pen would obtain a great success."

Mr. J. D. A. Tripp will once more be conductor of the Choral Club of the Women's Musical Club.

The eighth annual concert of the Sons of Scotland in Massey Hall on Thursday evening of last week was a huge success. The auditorium was completely filled, and hundreds were turned away. With so bright a stellar attraction as Jessie S. MacLachlan, the Scottish prima donna, it would have been surprising indeed if there had been vacant seats. Miss MacLachlan is the most artistic singer of Scotch songs that has been heard here for years, and on this occasion she well sustained the reputation she gained at previous appearances. Her every number was charmingly rendered and was doubly encoored, but I may mention as specially appealing to the hearts of the sons of Scotland the stirring "Rowan Tree," the "Land of the Cuckoo," and the "Land of the Cuckoo." Amid immense enthusiasm she closed the concert by leading the audience in "Auld Lang Syne." Miss Mae Dickenson, our local singer, was given a cordial reception, the more complimentary and gratifying seeing in whose company she appeared. She accompanied herself on the guitar, and her selection "Up in the Morning Early" was heartily encoored, and led to a response with "I Will Marry My Ain Love." Mr. H. Ruthven Macdonald was in good voice, and his patriotic selections made one of the hits of the evening. The two humorists, Mr. J. H. Cameron, in recitations, and Mr. James Fox, in broad, funny selections, received as usual a large share of the attention of the audience. Scotch dances were contributed by wee Jamie Gardiner and the three little Jeffrey girls, to the accompaniment of the pipes under the skillful manipulation of Peter Richardson, and delighted those present.

An invention which may prove of interest to musicians is described by Professor Henry T. Eddy of the Minnesota University. It is a pianoforte, patented by Dr. S. A. Hagamen, which renders the diatonic scale in perfectly just intonation in any desired key. It differs in outward appearance from an ordinary piano only in having, in addition to the usual pedals, a bank of a single octave, something like organ pedals, which actuate a bank of sliding bars, and these in turn move the bridges on which the strings rest and adjust them simultaneously to any key. Professor Eddy thinks that this is the first practical solution of the problem of just intonation for instruments with fixed keys. Mr. Eddy, however, does not say how the performer is to get over the difficulty of playing modern music, which is based upon the equal temperament scale, and presupposes, for instance, that C sharp and D flat are precisely the same thing. Abolish the tempered scale and you sweep away most of the charm of modern music.

The scholarships recently offered by the Toronto Conservatory of Music for open competition have been awarded as follows:

Piano, Dr. Edward Fisher's to Miss Jessie Binns and Miss Madge Rogers; Miss Maud Gordon's to Miss Ruby Akin; Miss Ola V. Wilkinson's to Miss Laura Russell; voice, Mrs. J. W. Bradley's to Miss Alice Hill and Mr. W. B. McKibbin; Mr. A. T. Cringan's to Miss Emily Findlay and Mr. Ernest Davis; Miss Alice Denzil's to Miss Elsie Blake; Miss Beatrice Wilson's to Mr. W. A. Cunningham; organ, Mr. T. Arthur Blakeley's to Miss Gertrude Barker; violin, Miss Lena M. Hayes's to Miss Jessie Copeland; composition, Dr. J. Humfrey Anger's to Miss Marjory FitzGibbon; also three elementary pianoforte scholarships to Miss Daisy McCorquodale, Miss Lottie Parker and Mr. Harold Foley. The examinations in connection with Mrs. Ryan-Burke's scholarship are not yet completed. The name of the successful candidate will be announced later.

An evening of sacred song will be given on Thursday, 27th inst., in St. James' Square Presbyterian Church. The choir will be assisted by Mrs. W. M. Douglas, contralto; Miss E. Yewward Spriggs, soprano; of Winnipeg, and Miss Edith McIndoo, organist, of Fresno, Cal.

The Canadian Klitties' Band have been giving concerts in the Grand Central Palace, New York City.

A very delightful programme was given at the first meeting this season of the Women's Musical Club in the Temple Building on Thursday morning of last week. The selections had been arranged by Mrs. A. D. Cartwright, and the large audience enjoyed a rare treat. Those who contributed to the programme were Miss Kate Archer, violin; Miss Brouse and Miss Gooderham, vocalists; Miss Case and Mrs. Plunkett Magann, piano; and Miss Heloise Keating, harp. Mrs. George Dickson, president, superintended the meeting. The club are forming a chorus, for which an encouraging number of applications have already been received.

The Toronto Conservatory String Quartette are doing excellent work in keeping alive the interest in classical chamber music. They opened their second season on Thursday evening of last week in the Conservatory Hall, which was well filled by a sympathetic audience. The members of the quartette are Mrs. Drechsler Adamson, first violin; Miss Lina D. Adamson, second violin; Miss Lena M. Hayes, viola; and Mr. Henry S. Saunders, violoncello. This arrangement gives a very well balanced ensemble, and one, moreover, distinguished for agreement of phrasing and expression. The audience felt indebted to them for introducing Sinding's quintette for piano and strings, in the performance of which they were joined by Mr. Napier Durand at the piano. This work, which is labelled op. 5, and is consequently an early effort of the composer, proved sound and interesting music. Some of the themes are characteristically Scandinavian, but they are treated in a musicianly manner, free from academic dryness. The first three movements only were given. The opening Allegro and the Intermezzo ("Valse") were played with spirit and brilliancy, while the Andante, a very beautiful movement, was thoughtfully and feelingly interpreted. The applause that followed this number was very enthusiastic. Beethoven's well-known string quartette, op. 18, No. 1, and Haydn's Allegro from his string quartette, op. 76, No. 1, were also in the scheme. Mr. Saunders, who was evidently in the mood, contributed a couple of solos by W. H. Squire, namely, "Consolation," and an Hungarian dance. He brought out a good singing tone from his instrument, and in the dance displayed a deft technique of the left hand. The assisting vocalist was Mr. E. W. Knowles, a baritone with a pleasing voice and style, who created a favorable impression and was several times recalled. Mr. Durand's work at the piano in the quintette was judicious and efficient. A gifted player with an intuitive appreciation of the classic and romantic schools, he has been gaining increased prominence of late in the ranks of our accomplished pianists.

Frau Materna, the Wagnerian singer, who made herself famous by her triumphs at the Bayreuth festival of 1876, and whose rich and full voice has charmed many audiences in America as well as in Europe, is now in a state of poverty, through, it is said, an absconding solicitor. Dr. Heinrich Steyer, who has recently visited Materna at Gratz, makes an appeal on her behalf, and reminds the musical public that it was to her that Wagner wrote a few days before his death, stating that she had realized the most cherished of his dreams. Her apartments are filled, or were filled, with the artistic offerings of Wagner and other admirers.

Subscription lists for the two concerts to be given by the Mendelssohn Choir on February 11 and 12 next are in the hands of members of the chorus and at the various music stores of the city. Notwithstanding the large financial outlay connected with these concerts in the engagement, for both evenings, of the famous Pittsburgh orchestra, as well as distinguished solo talent, the prices for reserved seats remain the same as for last season, namely, \$1.50, \$1 and 75 cents. Subscribers for the two concerts for two or more seats at \$1.50 each will be entitled to purchase such seats at \$1.25 each. Subscribers for both concerts will be given priority in choice of seats in the balloting for numbers. The list for the first ballot closes on December 16.

The winners of the Public school scholarships at the Toronto College of Music this year are: Piano, Wallace Curle, Withrow Avenue School; vocal, May Neff, Louisa Street School; violin, Wesley Watson, Huron Street School.

Mr. Albert Archdeacon, baritone, of the Royal Opera, London, Eng., at present touring with Mr. Edward Branscombe's party in Canada, has been engaged by Madame Albani for her forthcoming Canadian tour in January and February next.

The organ of St. Simon's Church has been for some time past undergoing repairs and reconstruction. Originally a two-manual instrument, it has been enlarged by the addition of a third organ, the swell and choir being placed in the chancel and the great organ at the west end of the nave. The action of the latter will be electro-pneumatic, controlled from either of the two manuals in the chancel by pneumatic pistons, by which it can be switched on and off instantaneously at the will of the player. This

arrangement has been successfully adopted in Montreal and other cities, but is a novelty in Toronto. The new portions have been built to specifications furnished by Mr. J. W. F. Harrison, the organist of the church, and the general repairs, reconstruction and erection have been in the hands of Mr. F. W. L. Shaw of this city. It is expected that the organ, divided in this manner, will be highly effective for solo playing and also calculated to promote congregational singing, particularly in processional hymns. A full choral service will be given in connection with the opening of the new organ on Sunday evening, November 23.

Mr. W. O. Forsyth's pupil, Miss Abbie May Helmer, who is well known locally as a gifted pianist, will make her professional debut in a recital in Association Hall, Yonge street, on December 9. Miss Helmer will play several important compositions.

Victor Herbert's victory against the New York "Musical Courier" seems to have been a most popular one with the profession both in Canada and the United States. Mr. Herbert has been the recipient of many congratulatory letters concerning the libel suit, and on Monday evening last a congratulatory and complimentary dinner was tendered him in New York. Among the members of the banquet committee were Walter Damrosch, H. E. Krehbiel, Alexander Lambert and others. Mr. Herbert's courage in bearing the lion in his den and the successful outcome of the trial have raised him high in the estimation of his colleagues everywhere.

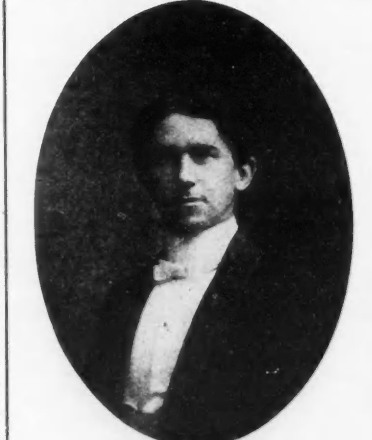
On Saturday, the 22nd inst., the Crown Glee Singers of Toronto will be heard in a concert at Association Hall given by the Y.M.C.A. Edward Barton, the well-known baritone; Victor Stone, the soprano boy singer, and other pupils will assist. Invitations can be had at the Y.M.C.A. offices.

The London "Advertiser," speaking of Miss Eileen Millett of Toronto, who sang in London on November 6, says: "Miss Eileen Millett of Toronto, a brilliant soprano, is a pupil of Dr. Torrington, on whom she reflects great credit. Her voice is delightfully clear and flexible, and showed to great advantage in the Verdi numbers from 'Il Trovatore,' and 'The Magnetite Valse,' by Venanzo, both difficult technically. The lovely Schubert songs, so rarely heard, were artistically sung and interpreted beautifully. She gracefully responded to encores, singing 'A May Morning,' by Denza, and an exquisite ballad by Mattei."

The organ in Wesley Church, which has been enlarged and revoiced during the summer by Messrs. Breckels & Matthews, will be formally opened on Thursday evening next. The choir, under the direction of Mr. George D. Atkinson, organist of the church, will contribute several numbers, and will have the assistance of Leonora James Kennedy, soprano, and Hattie Morse Hamburger, reader. To the organ several new stops have been added, the electro-pneumatic key and stop-action applied, and altogether it is pronounced to be for its size one of the most completely equipped instruments in the country.

While Frau Cosima still exercises the most indomitable activity in supervising even minor details at the Bayreuth festival, the influence of her son, Siegfried Wagner, is being felt more and more each year. Although without the creative genius of his father, he has undoubtedly inherited to a large degree his father's artistic perceptions, and in Bayreuth he is regarded with a respect which amounts almost to reverence, not only by the peasants, who stand aside with uncovered heads when he passes, but also by musicians, who see in him the embodiment of his father's high ideals and deep insight into artistic performances. Not only are his operas accepted before they are finished, but he has already, at the age of thirty-three, found a biographer! His name is Ludwig Karpath, and the publisher of his book is Hermann Semann, in Leipzig.

Charles E. Clarke will give a vocal recital at the Conservatory Music Hall on Saturday evening, November 22, assisted by Miss Florence Fisher, contralto; Mr. Rechab Tandy, tenor; Mr. Henry S. Saunders, cellist, and Dr. T. Alex. Da-



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Social and Personal.

At a meeting of the South African Graves Fund Committee of the Imperial Order Daughters of the Empire on October 30 the following resolution was adopted: "That the locating of the Canadian South African graves being about completed by the military and Guild of Loyal Women, South Africa, Daughters of the Empire, thus accomplishing the first stage of the work, we desire that the funds remaining in hand and collected from Canadians for the care of the last resting-places of their fellow-countrymen should be augmented to a sufficient sum to invest for the permanent care of these sacred spots, thus carrying out the original intention of the Daughters of the Empire, and ensuring the keeping in order of these places for all time. It is also desired by the committee to state that funds have been sent to the trustees of the Guild of Loyal Women in South Africa from time to time, to assist in locating and preserving the graves." The following extracts from letters of the secretary of the Graves Fund, Cape Town, to the secretary of the South African Graves Fund, Imperial Order of the Daughters of the Empire in Toronto, will be interesting: "My committee desire me to thank your committee for their kind greetings. All good feelings on your part are abundantly reciprocated by us. Ours is a united work. We quite recognize ourselves as merely your agents in caring for the last resting-places of your beloved dead. What you wish done is what we will strive to do, for we quite recognize that yours is the labor of love. Our help is given to the Canadian women in deep admiration and gratitude to the brave husbands, brothers and fathers who gave their lives to save our country for us and for the Empire. . . . The list you have sent (to assist in identification) will be most helpful. . . . and the identification of Canadian graves will proceed with unabated vigor. . . . We have never yet failed to identify a grave where correspondence has been possible, so that I should say that a very large percentage of Canadian graves can be identified, wherever they may be. The position of our Guild is now clearly defined. Both the Colonial Government and the Imperial military authorities will work in conjunction with us. We will be eyes to both as it were. They will do what is absolutely necessary. We will work on their foundation and see that the foundation is kept firm and secure, and that for all time. Signed, Beaumont Rawbone, honorary secretary Graves Fund Committee, Cape Town." The honorary secretary of the Toronto committee has also received reports from visitors who have been in South Africa testifying to the beautiful condition of the graves, owing to the care of the Guild of Loyal Women, South Africa. Constance Ruderford Boulton, honorary secretary, S.A.G.F., Toronto.

The marriage of Miss Constance O'Connor, eldest daughter of the late H. P. O'Connor, Q.C., ex-M.P.P., to Mr. Paul M. Gordon of Chesley is to take place at Walkerton on the 19th instant.

Mrs. Charles Reid of Sherbourne street will not receive again until the first Monday of the New Year.

Mrs. Cartwright of Avenue road will present her daughter to her friends at a tea on the 20th at her residence.

The Misses Heintzman of Tannenheim are spending some time in Pittsburgh and New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Whitehead have come back to Toronto, after two years in the South of France, and are at the Queen's for the present.

The bankers' convention brought quite a number of prominent bankers to town, and they had a delightful dinner on Wednesday evening at the Toronto Club. Mr. E. S. Clouston was at the head of the business deliberations.

Mr. R. S. Williams, manager C.B. of C. at Goderich, was in town for the bankers' convention this week.

Mrs. Griffith and Miss Griffith have left Toronto and will make an extended visit to the foothills country of the Rocky Mountains.

Miss Belle Tiffany of Independence, Ia., and Miss Lillian F. Judge of Toronto are being chaperoned by Mrs. C. A. Dodge of Dekalb, Ill., on a trip to New York and Boston.

Professor H. Stolpe, Phil. Dr., director of Royal Ethnological Museum, Stockholm, Sweden, has been in the city for a couple of days as a guest of his brother-in-law, Mr. Eric W. Holme of Dovercourt road, after having attended as a delegate from the Royal Swedish Academy of Science the congress of Americanists recently held at New York. Before leaving for home Professor Stolpe will visit

the principal cities in the Eastern States for study of the ethnological collections in the museums there.

Mrs. Charles Fleming asked a few friends to tea on Tuesday to meet Mrs. Nelles of Brantford. On Wednesday Mrs. Charles Nelles had a cosy little tea for her mother-in-law in her pretty sitting-room at the Arlington Hotel. On Thursday Major and Mrs. Nelles had an exceedingly jolly afternoon tea for their younger friends at the Arlington.

The Vulgar Voice.

What constitutes the vulgar voice? In an article in the London "Spectator," a writer concludes that this evidence of vulgarity "springs, like almost all vulgarity, however displayed, chiefly from two causes—an undue love of conspicuousness and an undue fear of the same." The person whose chief aim is to keep himself or herself in the eye of the world rarely makes a remark without desiring that it shall reach the ears of others besides the one directly addressed; and here the peculiarly false sound of the voice is attributed to the absence of singleness of motive. On the other hand, the wavering tone and affected accent of the timid vulgar are ascribed to another form of insincerity, namely, the wish to imitate others with whom one happens to be, when they are of a supposedly higher social standing. The attempt is sure to fail, and the result only in the suppression of all evidence of the speaker's own personality—in the voice as well as in the manner. Thus sincerity, paramount in all art, is basic in breeding as well, which is the art of life.



The Strain on Women's Eyes

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There are not many boarding-houses as desirable as this one.

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Miss Rose Peterson, Secretary Parkdale Tennis Club, Chicago, from experience advises all young girls who have pains and sickness peculiar to their sex, to rely on **Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.**

How many beautiful young girls develop into worn, listless and hopeless women, simply because sufficient attention has not been paid to their physical development. No woman is exempt from physical weakness and periodic pain, and young girls just budding into womanhood should be carefully guided physically as well as morally.

If you know of any young lady who is sick, and needs motherly advice, ask her to write to Mrs. Pinkham at Lynn, Mass., who will give her advice free, from a source of knowledge which is unequalled in the country. Do not hesitate about stating details which one may not like to talk about, and which are essential for a full understanding of the case.

Miss Hannah E. Mershon, Collingswood, N. J., says:

"I thought I would write and tell you that, by following your kind advice, I feel like a new person. I was always thin and delicate, and so weak that I could hardly do anything. Menstruation was irregular."

"I tried a bottle of your Vegetable Compound and began to feel better right away. I continued its use, and am now well and strong, and menstruate regularly. I cannot say enough for what your medicine did for me."

How Mrs. Pinkham Helped Fannie Kumpe.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I feel it is my duty to write and tell you of the benefit I have derived from your advice and the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. The pains in my back and womb have all left me, and my menstrual trouble is corrected. I am very thankful for the good advice you gave me, and I shall recommend your medicine to all who suffer from female weakness."—MISS FANNIE KUMPE, 1922 Chester St., Little Rock, Ark. (Dec. 16, 1900.)

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will cure any woman in the land who suffers from womb troubles, inflammation of the ovaries, kidney troubles, nervous excitability, nervous prostration, and all forms of woman's special ills.

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" 23—The New Thought of God.
" 30—The New Thought of Man.
Dec. 7—The New Thought of the Bible.
" 14—The New Thought of Jesus.
" 21—The New Thought of Salvation.
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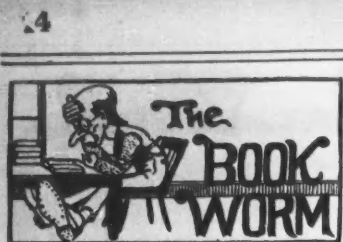
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"THE KHAN," whose jingles are known from Atlantic to Pacific, has never written any better verses than "The Men of the Northern Zone," a poem full of the faith and fire of the patriot. The verses are issued in booklet form as a holiday souvenir by Robert Duncan & Co., Hamilton, with drawings by Mr. J. S. Gordon, a well-known Canadian illustrator. The first verse will give the flavor of the whole poem.

Oh, we are the men of the Northern Zone,

Shall a bit be placed in our mouth?
If ever a Northern lost his throne,
Did the conqueror come from the South?

Nay, nay—and the answer blent
In chorus is southward sent:
"Since when has a Southerner's conquer-
ing steel

Hewed out in the North a throne?
Since when has a Southerner placed his
heel

On the men of the Northern Zone?"

The whole production is distinctly creditable to all concerned—like to poet, artist and printers. It should "take" with the Canadian public.

They are issuing a very creditable paper at the Toronto Church School—"The Owl" is its name. The unique feature of "The Owl" is that it is printed as well as edited by members of the school. M. B. McCausland is editor and E. P. Henderson manager. Typographically and as to contents it is a bright and interesting example of juvenile journalism.

Of the late Frank Norris, the literary editor of the New York "Tribune" writes: "He wrote, though with the ill grace of one resentful of being pedantically pigeonholed, the tag of the realist, and, following the tendency of the lesser members of that school, he was apt to accumulate details in his pages and to think that he had thereby managed to state essentials. But if he had only been a painstaking realist of the humdrum sort he would most certainly be forgotten. He was rapidly developing into something more at the time of his death. Vaguely he was aware of the living issues concealed beneath external details; his imagination was kindled by the opportunities lying almost totally neglected by the novelist, in the larger aspects of the most modern phases of American life, and it seems as if he had had in him to have made some memorable books out of the material provided by social and economic conditions in the great West and in the Eastern centers of commerce. "The Octopus" is a crude book. The good ore in it is mixed up, sometimes inextricably, with mere slag; it is too vehement in tone, and throughout seems overdone. It is a pamphlet as much as a novel. But it has vitality, and it suggests especially a writer, keen-eyed and sincere, who already had a certain grip upon his subject and with time would have risen to absolute control of it, fusing its diverse elements into an artistic whole."

In Mr. Owen Seaman's new book, "Borrowed Plumes," the following is given in imitation of George Moore:

"Rebecca Gins walked down the lane, putting her feet forward alternately. There were hedges on both sides; one on the left, one on the right. The young leaves were a pale green. Overhead ran the telegraph wires. The poles were about thirty-five yards apart. A thrush sat on a spray of blackthorn, which moved under its weight, now down, now up. Rain had fallen and the ground was wet, especially in the ruts. The second-hand feather in Rebecca's hat drooped a little over her left ear, and the third button of her old boot was wanting. Smoke went up from the chimneys, taking the direction of the wind. All these essential details (including the feather, which was out of sight) escaped Rebecca's notice. She was not gifted with that grasp of actuality which is the sign of an artistic nature."

Mr. Henry J. Morgan of Ottawa, author of "Canadian Men and Women of the Time" and other well-known works, has been asked by an English publishing house to take the place of Sir John Bannister in preparing for publication a volume on Canada dealing with the intellectual life of its people, their social divisions, and distinctions, manners and customs, wealth and poverty, army and system of national defence, industrial life, rural life, religious life, amusements, and local governments.

At the first meeting of the Dickens Society Mr. Hall Gaine remarked that writing a novel "took out of a man all the powers of mind and body." A fiction-writing certainly seems to have the effect of depriving many authors of any mental power they may once have possessed, but unhappily they are generally left with sufficient bodily strength to continue writing.

Snails as a Table Delicacy.

It is only within the last thirty years or so that frogs were universally considered a delicacy, and until recently folks who relished snails were looked upon as little short of barbarians. That notion has changed, however, says "Leslie's Weekly," and at the present time not only are snails served commonly at all the cafes and hotels, but they are also frequently seen upon the table of the ordinary laborer. So great has been the demand for this nutritious shelled delicacy that during the past few years snail ranches have come into existence, and are flourishing in various portions of the Western slope, and the tariff snail-raisers are realizing fair incomes with little or no labor. It is almost ridiculously easy to maintain one of these industries; one can take the rest cure while in full charge of a million or so of the well-behaved little creatures. All that is necessary to go into business is to import from France or Italy a few hundred snails, put them in a box turned on one side, or even under a board or piece of shingle. If there are a few shrubs or green vegetables growing in the immediate vicinity, it will not be necessary to furnish food at all. The accommodating creatures will take care of themselves and will grow large and

plump in no time. In fact, one could almost conduct a farm in an ordinary window-garden, so small a space is required. Within a radius of ten feet, ten thousand or more snails can visit their next-door neighbors and gossip about their comfortable quarters and the broad expanse of their acres.

It is not a bad idea for a boy or girl to start a snail or frog ranch, for anyone on a small capital can soon realize an income without the work seriously interfering with other duties. Snails thrive best in mellow climates with plenty of fog or dew. The market price of the plump snail ranges all the way from one dollar to two dollars and sixty cents, according to size. The native American snail, that is, the wild variety, is not relished by the epicurean palate. In spite of protracted boiling, it still remains tough and leathery, while on the other hand the foreign article will, with very slight cooking, become tender and ready to serve. Frogs and terrapin require larger space and plenty of fresh water. The ordinary frog ranch is a cement pond about twenty feet in width and thirty in length and perhaps three in depth. This must be covered by a stout wire screen to prevent the intrusion of the various birds and snakes with fastidious tastes. Watercress and a weekly allowance of chopped raw liver and bread crumbs suffice as food.

Woman's Work

Often Leads to a Breakdown in Health.

Severe Headaches, Loss of Appetite, Dizziness, Palpitation of the Heart, and Other Distressing Symptoms Follow.

Woman's cares about the household are many and often worrying, and it is no wonder that the health of so many gives way under the strain. To weak, tired-out, depressed women everywhere, the story of Mrs. George L. Horton, the wife of a well-known farmer living near Fenwick, Ont., will come as a message of hope. To a reporter who interviewed her on the subject Mrs. Horton said: "Yes, I am quite willing to give my testimony to the great good Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have done me, as my experience may help some other sufferer. A couple of years ago my health began to give way, and I suffered from anæmia, with most of the depressing symptoms of that trouble. I became much emaciated, had distressing headaches, and a very poor appetite. At first I thought the trouble would pass away, but in this I was mistaken, as I continued to grow weaker. My heart began to palpitate violently at the least exertion; my rest at night was broken, and finally I had cough set in, and I was scarcely able to do a bit of work about the house. An aunt in England who had been ill and written me that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills had restored her to health, and I determined to give the pills a trial. After the use of a few boxes I noticed a distinct improvement in my condition, and after using the pills for a few weeks more the trouble had completely left me. I could sleep well at night, the cough left me; the headaches that had made me so miserable vanished, my appetite returned, and I could again perform my household work with ease. I shall always feel grateful for what Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have done for me, and strongly recommend them to other ailing women."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have accomplished just such good results in thousands of other cases among ailing men and women, and sufferers from any of the numerous ailments resulting from poor, watery blood will give these pills a fair trial will soon be on the high road to health and strength. Imitations are sometimes offered by unscrupulous dealers, who care more for their own profit than for their customers' health. Be sure that the full name, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People," is found on the wrapper around every box you buy. If your dealer does not keep these pills send to the Dr. Williams Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., and they will be mailed, postpaid, at 50 cents per box, or six boxes for \$2.50.

About Dreams.

FROM a new book of dreams, not by a played-out gypsy, but by a college professor, the Chicago "Tribune" selects the following passages:

To be sure, the gray granddaughters have always held their dreams to be true, and have always interpreted their eerie visions of the night into future events of colossal moment. So, too, the romantic lassies in search of signs of lovers, and here and there some masculine rhapsodist, who warned to the world of the unreal and fanciful. But not so the scientific wise men. They have always known better—until now.

N. Vaschide and H. Pierson of the Paris Institute are two leading exponents of the value of dreams in diagnosing physical disorders, and have collected from here, there and everywhere, of all times, not omitting the all-conquering present day, illustrations and data which go to establish the accuracy of their position in a way not known to the ignominious gypsy.

This is their idea: In sleep the mind forsakes the outer world and yields itself to introspection. During our waking moments the external sensations prevail. The brain is preoccupied with what occurs outside the body, and, unless there be importunate calls from internal sources, pays no attention to what is happening within. When sleep overtakes us it is vice versa. The internal organic sensations predominate and occupy the exclusive attention of the mind unless external demands for its notice become emphatic. This is why reasoning begun during the course of the day or a problem too intricate for the preoccupied brain of waking hours can be carried on to successful issues in sleep. The brain is not disturbed with interruption.

Dreams are chiefly of three kinds: those which reveal the temperament of the dreamer; those which prognosticate disease, and those which are symptoms of a disease.

People with sanguine temperaments dream about songs, dances, feasts, merry-making, fights, games. Those of a melancholy temperament dream of ghosts, studious solitude, death. Those of phlegmatic temperament dream of white phantoms, water, humid places. The bilious dream of dark bodies, assassinations, incendiaries, and the like.

Dreams of gaiety signify healthy conditions; dreams of tranquility are favorable; dreams of baths or of cold water foretell critical perspirations. Fiery serpents in dreams indicate hemorrhages. Dreams of combats or agitations of vari-

ous descriptions when occurring at the inception of a fever predict prolonged illness. Violent pains, if not due to exterior causes, are signs of lesion, inflammation, or gangrene in some form. Mountains in abrupt precipices or inextricable forests in dreams indicate disordered liver. Fire is the ill omen of anæmia.

Anxiety in dreams is a sign of heart affections. Dreams of overexertion and exhaustion prognosticate hysteria. Nightmares in the beginning of the night indicate cerebral affections; in the middle of the night they mean bad digestion. Dreams of gustatory enjoyments indicate digestive affections. Fatiguing, suffocating dreams indicate dropsy of the chest. Terrifying dreams and hideous pictures show gastric affections. Floods, swamps and ponds mean cerebral disorders. Fear and anguish denote faulty circulation.

Nightmares with repulsive animals, like rats, serpents and reptiles, indicate suffering from alcoholism. Nightmares also precede asthma. Short, frightful dreams of the nightmare genus foretell certain heart disturbances. Veritable romances, sometimes continued from one night to the next, are forerunners of hysteria and characteristic of people suffering from hysteria.

The children of alcoholists always see animals in their dreams, such as cats, dogs, horses, lions, or other frightful beasts of prey, although generally the sort of animals with which they are most familiar. Obstructions of all kinds are omens of certain varieties of dropsy.

When dreams are repeated several nights in succession they are certain signs of physical disorders, and should be related to the physician, who, if he understands diagnosis through the interpretation of dreams, can be materially assisted thereby in arriving at the correct conclusion regarding the malady affecting the dreamer.

New Limbs For Old Ones.

It might reasonably have been supposed that artificial limbs, like the bicycle and the telephone, were refinements of modern civilization. As a matter of fact, however, they illustrate the truth of the wise man's saying that "there is nothing new under the sun." The College of Surgeons owns among its curios the skeleton of a man with a wooden rather than a bronze wooden leg. It was found in a tomb at Capua, the contents of which were known to date back to 300 B.C. Coming to a somewhat later date, Pliny tells us that Marcus Sergius, Consul of Rome in 167 B.C., lost his right hand in his second campaign, besides receiving over a score of other wounds. Under such circumstances, most men would have had enough of fighting. Not so the gallant Sergius. After taking part in four more battles single-handed (in a literal sense), he had an artificial hand made for him, and, thus repaired, fought with undiminished valor and success throughout the Second Punic War.

Passing to more modern times, the "iron hand" worn by Gottz von Berlichingen, one of the robber knights of the sixteenth century, may still be seen by the curious at Jagstfeld. It was so contrived as to grip sword or lance with equal facility, which in those days was no doubt the first consideration, though its weight (over three pounds), must have made it a trifle unwieldy for more peaceful purposes.

These, however, are isolated instances, and from Gottz's time artificial limbs seem to have been neglected for about three centuries. Nelson lived for eight years after he lost his arm at Santa Cruz; but no attempt was made to replace it, and for the rest of his days he wore an empty coat-sleeve. About the beginning of the last century, however, Raillif, a mechanic of Berlin, succeeded in constructing a hand weighing only a pound or thereabouts (in itself a great advance), and capable of picking up any light object.

These matters rested till 1845, which may be regarded as the real starting-point of the limb-making industry. In that year a celebrated French tenor, M. Roger, had the misfortune to lose his right arm. At first it appeared as if his artistic career was at an end; but an ingenious Prussian mechanic, Herr Petersen, constructed for him an arm with which he was able not only to use appropriate gesture in his performances, but to draw and write as well as a pen and quill up a piece of paper. The French Academy of Sciences appointed a committee to report on the achievement, and since that date the art of artificial limb-making has made rapid strides. "Chambers' Journal."

To-day.

In olden days elopements were
A trifle rash and risky.
For lovers fled behind a pair
Of horses rather frisky;
While a paper-walled wedding
Came after, bent on slaughter,
And so 'twas anything but fun
To bolt with someone's daughter.

But nowadays elopements are
By young men wholly scouted;
They simply go and ask papa,
And very few are outed.
Where once he used to chase the chap
And give, if caught, no quarter,
To-day he doesn't care a rap
So someone weds his daughter.

Wail of a Bridegroom.

HE laid down the paper he was reading, and tears gushed from his sweet blue eyes.

"My love, my dove, my fair one, what aileth thee?" tenderly asked the bride of a week.

"Alas, alas! I am a thing of naught," and he gave unto her the paper in which he had read the account of their wedding. And when she had read it he spoke again, saying:

"Do you not see that the scribe who giveth account of our marriage leaveth me utterly out? He telleth that 'the bride's dress was of white satin, the front being trimmed with point lace, which is a family heirloom. The veil which was very long, was also of old family lace, and it, as well as the dress, was trimmed with orange blossoms. The dress was cut square, with elbow sleeves, while the train, so dear to every bride, was nearly two yards long. She carried a bouquet of white roses, and wore an elegant diamond crescent on her neck. With the exception of diamond fastenings to the veil, she wore no other ornaments. The mother of the bride wore a claret-colored satin dress, trimmed with a pink broadened front and white lace. The six bridesmaids wore white lace over white satin, with white watered silk sashes at their side. They also wore white feathers in their hair, and carried

bouquets of pink roses. The interior of the carriage which conveyed the bridal couple from the church was decorated with wedding favors, and the horses and coachman wore white rosettes. Even the coachman's whip was decorated in honor of the event."

"Seest thou not that in all this writing I am left out—utterly out? Am I of less account than the bride, the bride's mother, the bridesmaids, the carriage, the coachman, the horses, and even the whip, that all these should be written of, and I alone not mentioned?"

And again he lifted up his voice and wept.

And the bride, who also understood not the true inwardness of the matter, wept with him.

And the thing was told unto the scribe who recorded the wedding; and he rent his clothes. And he said to himself:

"Verily this bridegroom must be an egregious jackass. Doth his value, or the value of any man, save only a coachman, consist in his personal appearance? And if it be so, wherefore gave he not some sign thereof? Wherefore did he not trick himself out with point lace and a long veil, and a train two yards long, or a dress cut square, with elbow sleeves, or, at the least, a rosette? How could it be known that this bridegroom, for whose honor all this display was made, could want himself put down on a level with the bride, the bride's mother, the bridesmaids, the carriage, the coachman, the horses, and the whip, by having his toggery described for strangers to read about?"

And as the scribe pondered over this matter, he fell asleep, and dreamed that at the next wedding he was called upon to report the bridegroom wore point lace in his hair, white feathers at the toes of his boots, his coat cut square and trimmed with orange blossoms, a long claret-colored satin veil, trousers with a train two yards long, and elbow sleeves, and a pink rose at each end of his monstache, a white watered silk sash on his right arm, and—

Then the scribe awoke in a profuse perspiration, "and further the deponent saith not."

The King's Library.

A LIBRARY that is necessarily exceptional in its wide and varied interest is that of King Edward VII. at Windsor Castle. The whole library dates only from the time of George III. When the British Museum was founded the ancient library of the kings of England was transferred thither by George II. George III., finding himself without a library, entrusted Sir Frederick Barnard to buy in Venice and other cities all books of worth; and in 1762 Consul Smith's library was also bought for him. Thirty-nine Caxtons, including the "Doctrine of Sapience," were mostly personal gifts to the King. The inner print-room is precious beyond all words. Twenty thousand of the finest works of the greatest men are contained in it, including over eighty portraits by Holbein—they speak for themselves as likenesses—in three tints of crayon. But the glory of the whole collection is in the Leonardo da Vinci drawings, and not only drawings, but his own manuscript, with anatomical notes and illustrations of priceless worth.

A simple library table contains in its drawers a sequence of kings and queens in miniatures, with the exception of "Bloody Mary," dating from King Henry VII. There are works by the two Olivers, Orgius, Humphrey, Cooper and Cosway. Queen Mary of Scotland is by Janet, and described by Charles II. most accurately in his catalogue of his possessions. On the easel is a curious little drawing, which was presented to the present librarian for purchase. It was

S. R. Crockett's
New Novel
"FLOWER OF THE CORN"

FOR SALE AT ALL BOOKSTORES Cloth Only, \$1.25.

The Copp, Clark Co., Limited, Toronto.

TENDERS FOR SUPPLIES, 1903

The undersigned will receive tenders up to noon on MONDAY, 24TH INST., for supplies of butchers' meat, creamery butter, flour, oatmeal, potatoes, cordwood, etc., etc., for the following institutions during the year 1903, viz.,

At the Asylums for the Insane in Toronto, London, Kingston, Hamilton, Mimico, Brockville, Cobourg, and Orillia; the Central Prison and Mercer Reformatory, Toronto; the Reformatory for Boys, Penitentiary, the Institutions for Deaf and Dumb, Belleville, and the Blind at Brantford.

Exception—Tenders are not required for the supply of meat to the asylums in Toronto, London, Kingston, Hamilton and Brockville, nor for the Central Prison and Mercer Reformatory, Toronto. A marked cheque for five per cent. of the estimated amount of the contract, payable to the order of the Honorable the Provincial Secretary, must be furnished by each tenderer as a guarantee of his bona fides. Two sufficient tenders will be required for the due fulfillment of each contract, and should any tender be withdrawn before the contract is awarded, or should the tenderer fail to furnish such security, the amount of the deposit will be forfeited.

Specifications and forms of tender may be had on application to the Department of the Provincial Secretary, Toronto, or the Bursars of the respective institutions.

The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

Newspapers inserting this advertisement without authority from the Department will not be paid for.

J. R. STRATTON,
Provincial Secretary.
Parliament Buildings, Toronto, November 10, 1902.

GOOD NEWS FOR CANADIANS
DR. SPROULE, B.A.
The Great English Catarrh Specialist Explains
HIS METHOD OF TREATMENT

THE GREAT ENGLISH SPECIALIST
CURES ALL FORMS OF CATARRH

Seventeen years ago a young, but highly honored Surgeon in the British Royal Navy, astonished his friends by suddenly leaving the service and entering on private practice. That Surgeon was the now famous Catarrh Specialist Dr. Sproule, B.A. His keen brain had early seen in the new disease Catarrh a menace to the life and happiness of the civilized world. While other physicians were neglecting it as unimportant, Dr. Sproule studied its nature and the means of cure. He labored in office, hospital and laboratory. He mastered the subject.

As Dr. Sproule had foreseen, Catarrh spread with frightful rapidity. Twenty years ago Catarrh was almost unknown. Now no age, sex or condition is exempt from it. No climate or locality is a cure for it. Catarrh is to be more dreaded than yellow fever or smallpox. It is in the large majority of cases, the forerunner of Consumption. Vital statistics show that deaths from Consumption in this country have increased more than 200 per cent. in the last five years. Nearly all of these cases have been traced back to Catarrh as their starting point.

Dr. Sproule makes the treatment of Catarrh a specialty. He cures Catarrh. Dr. Sproule, the first to make Catarrh a Specialty, has perfected the only scientific constitutional and PERMANENT cure. Local washes, sprays, balms, snuff, etc., only relieve for a time. They often do harm by driving the Catarrh germs deeper into the system. CONSUMPTION, BRIGHT'S DISEASE, PAINFUL STOMACH DISORDERS are liable to result.

Catarrh is a disease of the mucous membrane and is curable only through the blood, and by medicines prepared for each case. Medicine that will cure one will often harm another. Dr. Sproule's method drives every germ out of the body. It clears the head, stops the hawking and spitting, softens the breath, strengthens the eyes, restores the hearing. It purifies and enriches the blood. It invigorates and tones up the entire system. It gives new life, energy and ambition. The hardships of life seem easier to bear. Work becomes a pleasure. The man feels as if made over.

Dr. Sproule's name is revered as that of a benefactor in thousands of homes. If you have any symptoms of Catarrh, the doctor earnestly invites you to write to him and tell him all about it. It will cost you nothing.

CATARRH OF THE HEAD AND THROAT.

The most prevalent form of catarrh results from neglected colds.

- 1.—Do you spit up slime?
- 2.—Are your eyes watery?
- 3.—Does your nose feel full?
- 4.—Does your nose discharge?
- 5.—Do you snore a good deal?
- 6.—Do crusts form in the nose?
- 7.—Do you have pain across the eyes?
- 8.—Does your breath smell offensive?
- 9.—Is your hearing beginning to fail?
- 10.—Are you losing your sense of smell?
- 11.—Do you hawk up phlegm in the morning?
- 12.—Are there buzzing noises in your ears?
- 13.—Do you have pains across the front of your forehead?
- 14.—Do you feel dropping in back part of throat?

If you have some of the above symptoms your disease is catarrh of the head and throat. Mark the above symptoms and send them to Dr. Sproule. He will diagnose your case free and tell you just what to do to get cured. Do not neglect yourself. Above all do not give yourself wrong treatment. The results may be fatal.

DR. SPROULE, B.A., English Specialist in Catarrh and Nervous Diseases, (Graduate Dublin University, Ireland. Formerly Surgeon British Royal Navy), 7 to 13 Doane St., Boston.

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A little drawing made by Her Majesty Queen Victoria and given to her uncle. She said she quite remembered doing it at the age of seven. The Queen and Prince Consort were frequent visitors to the library. The librarian is Mr. Rich-

ard Holmes, C.V.O., who, when sent by the British Museum to gather treasures, succeeded so well that the late Mr. Gladstone referred to him in the House of Commons as a sacrilegious robber.—"Bookman."

Gyp.

GYP was a common yellow dog—an ignoble, worthless, unkempt mongrel, as utterly void of genealogical distinction as most persons supposed he was of the ordinary animal intuition. His parents were said to have been itinerants who passed down Sheol Creek from Hillsboro, Texas, to Corsicana, during the days when the railroad was being built from the Mississippi at Cairo to the Gulf.

In crossing the dense brush of the eyamore bottoms, dark in the tangled wildwood of the lowlands, the supposition ran, Gyp strayed from his wandering parents and eventually drifted to Blanco, not many miles from Fort Worth.

The residents of Blanco are lovers of good canine flesh, for to this very day when the county fair is held annually on the banks of the muddy river, just opposite the district cemetery, the dog exhibit is the leading attraction. Gyp was never among its displays. He was outlashed even by the most indigent coyote dog, a beast whose only claim to existence is that he can make a noise. I never in all my life saw such a worthless dog. There is some excuse for any dog being poor, but no dog should be unclean, especially when he basks almost forever in the sunshine at the side of the stream where he drinks. It was as much on this account as it was the ignoble birth of the canine which barred him from the general dog society of the town and its environs, as well as from the dog show.

Of all dogs he was the outcast of the outcast. On a summer day, with the sun blazing in all its fury, and while either dogs enjoyed their afternoon siestas in the soft shade of the covered country wagons, Gyp would lie alone, in the heat of the day. Occasionally a careless boy would cross the public square, and by way of notifying Gyp of his presence would give him a quick kick in the ribs. But cruel fate had buffeted and tortured Gyp before. Not a cry would he utter; not a sound would he moan; but, jumping hastily to his feet, would send his stubby tail between his legs and glide mournfully to another spot, where he would soon be cuffed again.

And thus did relentless fortune pursue this vagabond dog. Down in the cruel world and down forever; not even a friend as indigent to console or comfort him in his struggle for life against the Blanco odds; not a single dog to notice him or a kind man, woman or child to occasionally pat him on the back.

His life was one everlasting song of dire misery; he could not even roam the streets of the town as other dogs did. He could not eat their paltry leavings, for they would not permit him to get that near their seemingly aristocratic presence.

Once, simply as an illustration of how Blanco treated this dog, a proposition was made to the poundkeeper to kill him.

"He isn't worth it," the official answered sharply, and while he wandered again, fighting the battle which it seemed would never end, other dogs playing in hard luck were put to pleasant deaths by the poundkeeper.

But when the Blanco dog show is held next month, a tablet to the memory of Gyp will be one of the chief features, for Gyp has crossed the "great divide" and gone from Blanco forever—gone where there are no more dog days and where there is natural balm for the suffering of all canines, such as he. The people of Blanco are glad he is dead, but were he living to-day he would be honored of all dogs, but like many humans, his real good was not realized until he had unconsciously sauntered across the dark and mysterious river.

He suffered his four years, though, like a martyr, and never once did he go to other dogs for food. He knew their inborn hatred for his breeding of such low degree, so when night fell he sauntered leisurely down the railroad tracks about four miles, where he scurried in the dumps for the castaway morsels which sustained his emaciated body.

I sat in the station on the night of which this story relates. It was near midnight—Christmas—and the other dogs must have been enjoying the very best in the land, for in the stillness of the night not a word was heard. Snow and sleet fell heavily, the wind blew a gale which wreaked from the ice-laden telegraph wires a mournful sound. The streets were deserted and the town clock pealed wearily on the sullen hour. The church bells rang, but their sounds were dim and sad, and as they wafted out on the cold air they went unnoticed in the town of Blanco. It was a night of meriment within, though, and the bright lights burned gayly and showed brilliantly through the snow-covered windows.

I was alone in the little station room listening to the bleak wind as it rustled among the wires and crept in through the wide cracks of the depot. It was dark in the station agent's room until then, but suddenly I saw a light. I awoke from my reverie, and, glancing at the old cuckoo clock on the wall, noticed that one o'clock had come and gone. The special from Blanco which carried more than one thousand Blancoites on a Christmas excursion was due at half-past one. In the dreadful stillness I heard a moaning sound. It seemed to come nearer and then farther, nearer and farther, until presently it almost died away. I thought at first a lost child was freezing in the snow. I flung open wide the door, and as a piercing streak of lightning shot from the dark clouds I discerned going down the track the emaciated and shivering figure of Gyp. For once in my life my sympathies went out to that unfortunate canine. I called out, "Gyp Gyp! Come here, Gyp!" but the dog simply stopped, and, after glaring at me with his glassy and sunken eyes, his teeth protruding like those of a wild and starved boar, he went his way.

But it was too late. "Gyp is past the aid of all humanity," I thought. "Starvation and exposure have done their worst, and to-morrow will find him dead on the snow in the dumps."

I suffered remorse waiting for that train. My thoughts could not leave Gyp. I felt sorry for the dog from the bottom of my heart, and for the first time thought there might have been some good in the ignoble beast after all. I almost knew, though, in the cold sleet and snow of that horrible night his body would simmer down in the great fatness of chasm and be free forever from the cruel talisman which pursued him wherever he went.

Again my thoughts were interrupted. This time it was the click of the tele-

graph instrument. The operator opened the window in the agent's office.

"Anything from Fort Worth?" I asked.

"Not yet," he replied; "the main line's switched on to Galveston, and we can't get in on Fort Worth. The wire's down."

I did not reply, and after the operator had glanced at me for another moment he ventured:

"Worried, eh?"

"Oh, not particularly," I answered nonchalantly; "just thinking of Gyp."

"He's on his way to the dumps,"

"Well, this night will finish him. He's no good, anyway, and if he doesn't die to-night somebody ought to kill him."

I said nothing more. Two o'clock came, and Fort Worth was finally on to the Blanco wire. The instrument ticked fast and furious. Suddenly the operator turned deathly pale. His hand dropped, he wiped his brow, and began to write nervously.

"Anything from the express?" I asked.

"No, no!" he replied, hastily; "nothing at all. She's com—"

Of a sudden he glanced at the clock. "God save them!" he screamed, and then sank back into his chair to finish his message. I knew something had happened, so I leaned over his shoulder as he wrote:

"Blanco special, 1,010 aboard, left here 10 p.m. Held up ten miles out by snow. Should reach trestle 2:05; trestle has been washed away. Wires are down and can't reach any station along line. Send special engine with messengers to scene at once and signal express from across river."

At this point the operator fell into a swoon. It was 2:07, and too late to do any good unless the train had been stalled again before it reached the trestle. The instrument kept up its click, click, click, but it went unnoticed. By this time the station was crowded with the anxious friends and relatives of the excursionists. When the news of the supposed awful catastrophe was hinted at, men, women and children paced up and down the station platform wringing their hands in despair and crying frantically. Mothers, fathers, sisters and brothers they thought had been lost in the awful accident at the bridge. It was a sad ending to a glorious holiday.

A few men who had presence of mind revived the operator, and he began to click his instrument.

"Message too late," he said to Fort Worth. "Not received until after hour."

In a moment there came this reply:

"Don't despair; Milford station has at last been reached. Will telegraph the worst soon."

The fear-stricken crowd waited impatiently for new tidings. No one supposed a single body would be recovered from the swollen and rushing stream.

Again the instrument clicked. A smile lit the operator's face as he read out:

"No alarm; agent says train ditched and every life saved. Full particulars later."

A half-hour passed, and then three-quarters. Finally the despatch came:

"Dog Gyp, returning from dumps, got on track 200 feet above trestle and ditched train. Dog dead, but 1,010 lives saved."

And that was the dog they had all along wished dead in Blanco.—Howard Dean, in "Anglo-American Magazine."

Wake Up, Baby!

A New Game For Mothers.

Baby's awakening ought to be looked forward to as a pleasure, not dreaded as a scourge. He should awaken bright, merry and full of fun, refreshed by sleep, ready for a good time.

How many mothers dread his awakening howls, knowing that he will keep everyone miserable until he goes to sleep again or gets his food. These crying fits are the terror of every inexperienced mother. Mrs. Gabriel Barnes, Six Mile Lake, Ont., is a mother who has learned how this trouble can be best met, and writes us as follows: "My baby suffered much from indigestion, and was cross and restless. I gave him several medicines, but they did not help him. I then got a box of Baby's Own Tablets, and they helped him almost at once, and have done him so much good that I would not now be without them. I can recommend Baby's Own Tablets to all mothers as the best medicine I have ever used for children." These Tablets are guaranteed to contain no opiate or harmful drug, and can be given with absolute safety to the youngest, weakest infant. Sold by all druggists, or sent by mail, postpaid, at 25 cents a box by writing direct to the Dr. Williams Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N.Y.

A Necessary Qualification.

A school inspector in England asked a child in a primary school to tell him as nearly as possible what he understood a pilgrim to be.

"A pilgrim is a man who goes about a good deal," was the reply.

This seemed not quite satisfactory to the inspector, and he said, "I go about a good deal," but I am not a pilgrim."

"Please, sir, I mean a good man," was the eager addition.

Didn't Want to Make Any Mistake.

A flag-raising was held at the school-house, and after the banner had been flung to the breeze there was an exhibition of the drawings which the pupils had made and the work they had done during the year. The teacher had recited to the class the story of the landing of the Pilgrims, and after she had finished she requested each pupil to try to draw from his or her imagination a picture of Plymouth Rock.

Most of them went to work at once, but one little fellow hesitated, and at length raised his hand.

"Well, Willie, what is it?" asked the teacher.

"Please, ma'am, do you want us to draw a hen or a rooster?"—Exchange.

Student (to servant)—I thought you had finished sweeping my room.

College-bred Servant Girl—Beg pardon, sir, but I was just decomposing.

Student—What?

College-bred Servant Girl—I was returning to dust!

Actress and Tom Cat.

IN her book, "Stage Confidences," the veteran actress, Clara Morris, relates this amusing incident from her experience:

"It was in 'Camille,' one Friday night, in Baltimore, that for the only time in my life I wished to wipe an animal out of existence. I love four-footed creatures with extravagant devotion, not merely the finely bred and beautiful ones, but the poor, the sick, the halt, the maimed, the half-breeds, or the no-breeds at all; and almost all animals quickly make friends with me, divining my love for them. But on this one night—well! it was this way. In the last act, as Camille, I had staggered from the window to the bureau and was nearing that dread moment when in the looking-glass I was to see the reflection of my wrecked and ruined self. The house was giving strained attention, watching dim-eyed the piteous, weak movements of the dying woman; and right there I heard that (—h!) quick indrawing of the breath startled womanhood always indulges in before either a scream or a laugh. My heart gave a plunge, and I thought: What is it? Oh, what is wrong? and I glanced down at myself anxiously, for really I wore so very little in that scene—"

"if anything should slip off—gracious! I did not know but what, in the interest of public propriety, the law might interfere. But that one swift glance told me that the few garments I had assumed in the dressing-room still faithfully clung to me. But alas! there was the dreaded titter, and it was unmistakably growing. What was it about? They could only laugh at me, for there was no one else on the stage. Was there not indeed! In an agony of humiliation I turned half about and found myself facing an absolutely monstrous cat. Starlike he held the very center of the stage, his two great topaz eyes were fixed roundly and unflinchingly upon my face. On his body and torn ears he carried the marks of many battles. His bristled tail stood straightly and aggressively in the air, and twitched with short, quick twitches, at its very tip, truly as burly an old buccaneer as ever I saw."

"No wonder they giggled! But how to save the approaching death-scene from total ruin? All was done in a mere moment or two; but several plans were made and rejected during these few moments. Naturally my first thought, and the correct one, was to call back 'Nanine,' my faithful maid, and tell her to remove the cat. But alas! my Nannine was an unusually dull-witted girl, and she would never be able to do a thing she had not rehearsed. My next impulse was to pick up the creature and carry it myself; but I was pining a dying girl, and the people had just seen me, after only three steps, reel helplessly into a chair; and this cat might easily weigh twelve pounds or more; and then at last my plan was formed. I had been clinging all the time to the bureau for support, now I slipped to my knees and a prayer in my heart that this fierce old Thomas might decline my acquaintance, I held out my hand, and in a faint voice called: 'Puss—Puss—Puss! come here, Puss!'

"It was an awful moment; if he refused to come, if he turned tail and ran, all was over; the audience would roar."

"'Puss—Puss!' I pleaded. Thomas looked hard at me, hesitated, stretched out his neck, and, working his whiskers nervously, sniffed at my hand."

"'Puss—Puss!' I gasped out once more, and lo! he gave a little 'meow,' and, walking over to me, arched his back amicably, and rubbed his dingy old body against my knee. In a moment my arms were about him, my cheek on his wicked old head, and the applause that broke forth from the audience was a balm of Gilead to my distress and mortification. Then I called for Nannine, and when she came on I said to her: 'Take him downstairs, Nannine. He grows too heavy a pet for me these days,' and she lifted and carried Sir Thomas from the stage, and so I got out of the scrape without sacrificing my character as a sick woman."

Having One's Skin Removed.

AFTER describing some of the up-to-date methods employed by modern beauty doctors, the "Strand" says that all these operations appear pale and commonplace by the side of the heroism displayed two years ago by a celebrated actress, to whom truly belongs the martyr's crown. Driven to desperation by seeing her beauty compromised by a series of superficial alterations in her complexion, she decided to have the skin of her face completely changed! She found doctors who undertook the performance of this strange operation, which extended over seven weeks—seven weeks of uninterrupted suffering. All the skin of her face was chemically burned, then detached bit by bit. At the end of two months of suffering the old epidermis had entirely disappeared and been replaced by a skin as rosy, thin and tender as that of a newborn child! So disconcerting was the aspect of this baby-like complexion to a woman of thirty that the desperate actress found herself more ill-looking after the operation than she had thought herself to be before undergoing it, and had to seclude herself for a month to allow her new skin to age a little. At the end of four months, however, the result was perfect; the best friends of the heroine actress all declaring that she was "unrecognizable," so completely was she rejuvenated and transformed!

Famous For Repartee.

OF all the brilliant preachers of modern times no one shone more splendidly in conversation than the eloquent Baptist minister, Robert Hall. It is remarkable that, while in his writings hardly a gleam of wit or humor is to be found, yet in the social circle he was distinguished by his terse and pungent sayings. All his life he was a martyr to an excruciating disease, and his wittiest sayings were uttered when he was writhing with sharp pain. A lady at a friend's house found him so lost in thought that she vainly essayed to engage him in conversation. At length, impatient of his reveries, she said flippanantly, in allusion to a Miss Steel to whom he was engaged to be married:

"Ah, sir, if we had but polished steel here, we might secure some of your attention; but—"

"Madam," interrupted the now roused preacher, "make yourself quite easy; if you are not polished steel, you are at least polished brass!"

Hall had an intense abhorrence of religious cant, to which he gave expression sometimes in the most scorching terms. A young minister, who was visiting him, spent a day in sighing, ever and anon begging pardon for his aspirations, and saying that they were caused by grief that he had so hard a heart. When the lamentations, which Hall had borne patiently the first day, were resumed at breakfast on the second, he said:

"Why, sir, don't be so cast down; remember the compensating principle, and be thankful and still."

"Compensating principle!" exclaimed the young man; "what can compensate for a hard heart?"

"Why, a soft head, to be sure," replied Hall, who, if rude, had certainly great provocation.

Mr. Balfour's Kindness.

ADDED to the other virtues of the new Prime Minister of England is consideration for the least of those who ask his help. Mr. Justin McCarthy, who is a favorite contributor to the "Companion," tells in the "Outlook" a story of Mr. Balfour's readiness to stretch out a helping hand.

Two or three years ago Mr. McCarthy learned that an Englishwoman who had won distinction as a novelist had fallen ill, and was suffering from the poverty that followed her inability to continue her literary work. Some of her friends thought that she should be assisted by a department of the state, and applied to Mr. McCarthy, who is both man of letters and politician, to bring the matter before the proper authorities.

There is a small fund at the disposal of the British Government for the relief of literary persons in distress. The fund is in the control of the First Lord of the Treasury. This office Mr. Balfour held at the time, and holds now.

It was just when England was in the most distracting period of the South African War, and Mr. McCarthy feared that an official who must have been passing many nights of sleeplessness in the midst of ever fresh news of disaster and mishap would not be able to attend to such a small matter as the relief of an individual. It would have been natural for the overworked statesman to hand the case over to some minor official, who would allow it to come to a standstill, immovably entangled in the red tape of petty routine. But in spite of his lack of hope he wrote to Mr. Balfour.

The next day he received a reply in Mr. Balfour's own hand, expressing sympathy and willingness to help. Relief came soon after.

Although the case was deserving, and too much need not be made of it, yet Mr. Balfour would have had good reason for turning it over to someone else.

"I must say," concludes Mr. McCarthy, "that I think this short passage of personal history speaks highly for the kindly nature and sympathy of Arthur Balfour."

A Savage Pun.

William Penn was obviously nervous while signing his treaty with the Indians.

"I am afraid that redskin over there may make a snap shot of the occasion," he explained.

"No fear," rejoined a friend; "he has already done his worst. He just remarked the Penn was mightier than the sword."

Moved to wrath, the great Quaker went forth and founded Philadelphia, thus making many innocent people suffer for the act of an unwitting savage.—New York "Tribune."

Just a Slip.

Miss De Courcy is musical, and when Harold Tompkins called round the other evening she asked him to sing. The poor fellow is bashful but obliging and he attempted to give her his favorite:

"Thou art so near and yet so far, Beautiful star, beautiful star."

But she stood by the piano just where he could look into her face, and it must have embarrassed him, for he forgot the words, and this is how he rendered it:

"Thou art so far, and yet so near, Beautiful steer, beautiful steer."

She won't speak to him now, and he vows to devote himself hereafter to songs without words.

What Really Happens.

A new definition of absent-mindedness, which is humor if not psychology, appears in the Indianapolis "News" in this dialogue:

"Pa, what does 'absent-minded' mean?"

"My boy, that's easy. Did you ever stop to think?"

"Yes."

"And your thoughts ran on?"

"Yes."

"Well, that's it."

Vaccination Previous to Jenner.

The return of a well-known African explorer, in the person of Mr. J. Faux, who has had a long sojourn in the land of the Gallas, British East Africa, has given a correspondent of the "Pall Mall Gazette" an opportunity of recording some of this traveller's interesting experiences and discoveries. The Gallas, who are described as a race physically and intellectually superior to their neighbors, the Somalis, have a light copper-colored skin and handsome features. Possibly the most remarkable thing about them is that for centuries past they have practised vaccination as a preventive of smallpox; and although this disease is not unknown among them, they are not susceptible to it, and are rarely pock-marked. The operation is performed not on the arm, as with Europeans, but on the side of the nose, the serum being rubbed into the skin after a slight puncture has been made. Should any of the Gallas be smitten with an infectious disease, he is immediately isolated from his fellows, while his neighbors cast lots as to undertaking the duties of nursing and feeding the invalid. The Gallas are a strictly anti-liquor people, and intoxicants in any form appear to be abhorrent to them.

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TORONTO and QUEBEC

The land which they occupy extends from some distance east of the Uganda railway to the Juba River, and there have been found on their territory the ruins of a large city, now almost entirely hidden in the jungle, which speak of a former civilization of a very high order.—"Chamber's Journal."

flourishes best in a well-tended kitchen garden.

An Atchison husband hovered at death's door so long his wife remarked that she supposed he was having his usual trouble finding the keyhole.—Atchison "Globe."

A Pointer Towards Happiness.

"The only absolutely infallible rule for how to be happy though married is to stay single," says "Dorothy Dix" in an article entitled "A Guide to Happiness."

"There is never a man or woman like the one we did not marry, and it is only in old bachelors' and old maids' dreams of wedded life that there are no family jars and scrapping matches. There is trouble aplenty in married life. There is loneliness without it. It is one of the things that, whether you do or you do not, you are apt to regret. But happiness in matrimony, like happiness elsewhere in life, must be manufactured by the individual for his own use. To do this one has only to love much, and get a little love in return, to give without demanding compound interest; to be quick to praise and slow to blame; to be kind to virtues and blind to faults; to give to others the charity we expect ourselves. No man or woman who does this finds marriage a failure. The trouble is, we think matrimonial happiness is an orchid to be found only in strange places, whereas it is a domestic plant that

flourishes best in a well-tended kitchen garden."

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every day. This harmless tonic and system cleanser will regulate every organ and will remove all the unpleasant features that attend a sluggish liver. Your health and spirits will be so improved that your friends will scarcely know you. Pleasant to take—surely beneficial, but be sure that you get the genuine "Abbey's."

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Do you suffer from constipation? Does your liver need regulating? Is your digestion troublesome? Do you suffer from headache? If so, you should take

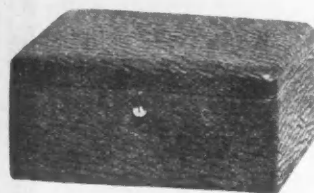
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Do you suffer from constipation? Does your liver need regulating? Is your digestion troublesome? Do you suffer from headache? If so, you should take



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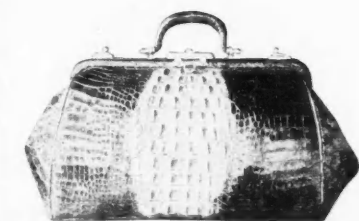
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Suit Case Bag

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20 in. - 20.00



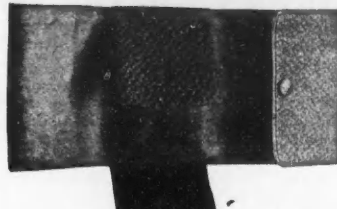
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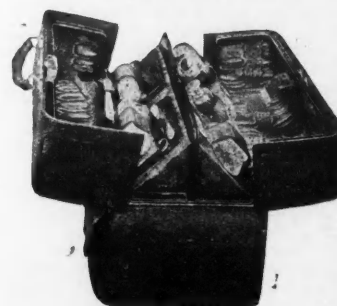


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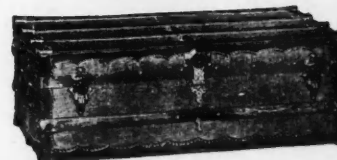


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will be ready for mailing November 20th. It is mailed free. Are you on our list? The Catalogue we issue is a work of art, containing on 80 pages illustrations of the leading lines we make in

Trunks, Bags, Suit Cases and Fine Leather Goods.

The fine quality of paper used has been made specially for this Catalogue at considerable expense, but the illustrations are brought out so well that it enables the mail order buyer to see the goods exactly as they are.

WE PREPAY EXPRESS CHARGES ANYWHERE BETWEEN MONTREAL AND FORT WILLIAM AND WILL ALLOW THESE CHARGES TO POINTS FARTHER EAST OR WEST

We emphasize the fact that we manufacture most of the goods we sell, and you will find our stock the freshest, cleanest and best assorted shown anywhere.

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Flat Shape, Prices, \$1.50, \$2.00, \$3.00, \$3.50, \$4.00
Round Shape, " \$1.00, \$1.25, \$1.50, \$2.00, \$3.00
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SCORE'S



Tuxedo (Dinner) Coats

The Tuxedo coats are made of same materials as Dress coats, and in two styles, the double-breasted Jacket being a recent candidate for popular favor.

Special Price for Coat (silk lined)—\$25.00.

77 King Street West, Toronto

Social and Personal.

On Monday afternoon, when the reception was in full swing at Glenhurst, one frequently heard the remark from matrons assembled to bid Miss Mollie Waldie welcome to the social whirl: "Oh! I wish I were a debutante, to come to the dance here on Wednesday!" For the wide, well-arranged rooms and fine, smooth floors woke the dancing spirit in many a staid understanding. The debutantes had a glorious time of it, when the dim shadows of a foggy November night had enwrapped Rosedale, and they arrived at a mansion radiant with brightness, beautiful with flowers, and all ready for the first big private dance of the season. Say what one may, there is nothing like the well-done dance in the well-planned home for enjoyment and comfort. It was almost entirely a young folks' dance, made a success by the perfection of every detail and the buoyant "joie de vivre" which marks the debutantes. First, of course, was the fairest of many, the daughter of the house, who was beautifully gowned in white duchess satin, with soft flounce of lace, and lilies of the valley, which delicate flowers also made one of the little modish garlands for her brown hair. A bouquet of carnations and violets added a final touch to the pretty ensemble, and a dear little necklet of turquoise was her simple bijouterie. Another debutante was Miss Frances Heron, who wore white crepe de chine, with delicate tuckings and lace.

palest blue satin, with a garland of smilax in her hair, with the cordial host and his son, were untiring in their care of the happy guests, among whom were Mr. and Mrs. Ewart Osborne, Mr. and Mrs. Fraser Macdonald, Mr. and Mrs. G. Gooderham, Jr., Miss Essy Case, Miss Mary Elwood, Miss Somerville of Atherley, the Misses Spragge, the Misses Harman, the Misses Miles, Miss Alice Baines, the Misses Kemp of Castle Frank, Miss Jarvis, Miss Fuller, the Misses Hagarty, the Misses Myles, the Misses Nordheimer, Miss Dora Rowand, Miss Hellmuth, Miss Gladys Nordheimer, and many other belles, with an admirably balanced number of smart young men.

Mrs. R. A. Walker will receive on the first and second Fridays of the month, instead of Wednesdays, at 45 Leonard avenue.

Professor and Mrs. Clark are giving a tea at Trinity University on Monday afternoon, to which friends are asked "to meet Miss Niven."

The Rain book store is the Mecca of lovers of the quaint and beautiful this afternoon, for the art-room at the back of the store is filled with the Christmas display of catalogues. To be "first come" is also to be well served in the matter of catalogues, and wise ones go early and have an almost bewildering choice.

Among the fine young soldiers at the Armouries on Wednesday night was Mr. Horetzky, who is now at Stanley Barracks. Another tall young fellow at home for a time is Mr. John Law. A young Q.O.R. who has quite recently shot up into manhood is the handsome eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Mackenzie of Walmere road. Mr. Horetzky took out victorious "H" Company, who won the regimental trophy at the rifle range. Captain Mercer is the head of "H" Company, and is, as everyone knows, soldier about des angles.

The fair to be held in the Temple Building early in December under the auspices of a number of Jewish ladies is going to be very pretty. I hear Mrs. Miller's dolls are simply immense. More particulars in good time.

A very smart little dance was on the tapis for last evening at a delightful home.

Dinners large and small are being given. I hear of several for next week.



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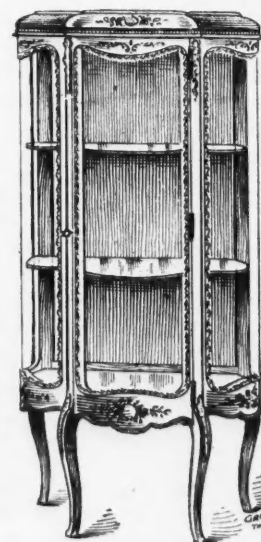
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Rogers' New Offerings In Fine Furniture.



This week we want to call special attention to our display of New Furniture for the Drawing-Room.

In Sofas, Divans, Arm Chairs, Reception Chairs, Rockers, etc., we show a number of quite exceptionally handsome pieces; among the lot being some exquisite chairs in the Colonial, Louis XV., Rococo, and other admired styles.

In Fancy Cabinets our line is one to be proud of. It includes many designs in Mahogany and Vernis Martin, produced at our own factory, the equals of which can only be obtained by importation and at much higher prices. We make a pretty Open Cabinet at \$9.50, and the prices range upwards from that to \$85.00 for something choice in mahogany, with painted panels and bent glass doors and sides.

Fancy Tables, Tabourets, Pedestals, Tea Tables, Secretaries, Writing Tables, etc., are here also in endless variety of style and price.

COME AND SEE!

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97 YONGE STREET

The Cradle, Altar and the Tomb.

Births.

Galbraith—Nov. 10, Toronto, Mrs. W. Galbraith, Jr., a son.
Lambert—Nov. 10, Toronto, Mrs. A. E. Lambert, a daughter.
Scott—Nov. 10, Fredericton, N.B., Mrs. (Dr.) A. Melville Scott, a daughter.
Southam—Nov. 11, Toronto, Mrs. Southam, a daughter.
Wishart—Nov. 6, Toronto, Mrs. (Dr.) D. J. G. Wishart, a daughter.
Bradshaw—Nov. 8, Toronto, Mrs. T. Bradshaw, a daughter.
Hedges—Nov. 7, Toronto, Mrs. W. H. Hedges, twins, a son and daughter.

Marriages.

Rose—von Staden—At Old St. Andrew's Church, Toronto, on Tuesday, Nov. 4, by the Rev. Dr. Milligan, Hugh Rose to Clara Florence Adelaide von Staden, all of Toronto.
Nasmith—Anderson—Nov. 12, Toronto, John Nasmith to Alice Mary Anderson.
Willmott—Marlton—Nov. 8, Toronto, Carleton R. Willmott to Elma E. A. Proctor Marlton.
Pullman—Parkinson—Nov. 6, Toronto, Will Pullman to Edith Parkinson.
Coleridge—Green—Oct. 22, London, Thos. Coleridge to Emma Teresa Green.
Belfry—Bellhouse—Nov. 10, Rockwood, J. H. Belfry to Mrs. E. Bellhouse.

Deaths.

Appleton—Nov. 5, Toronto, Vida Pearl Appleton, aged 13 years.
Duff—Nov. 7, Toronto, Mrs. Isabella Johnson Duff.
Imrie—Nov. 6, Toronto, John Imrie, aged 56 years.
Delano—Osborne—Nov. 5, Underwood, Isle of Wight, Captain Osborne S. Delano-Osborne.
McKay—Nov. 7, Phoenix, Arizona, Goldie Estella McKay.

Hart—Nov. 10, Toronto, J. Moore Hart, aged 51 years.
Boulbee—Nov. 5, Toronto, William Boulbee, aged 70 years.
Brown—Nov. 11, Toronto Junction, Robert Ernest Brown, aged 3 months.

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